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WINDS PROPHETIC.

BY NANNIE SADLER.

A child sat watching the dying rays
Of the setting sun, with thoughtful gaze,
And she dropped her toys and softly stole
Away, to dream of her own life's goal;
For the child in years had a poet's soul,
And life to her was a mystic dream;
And the sighing wind came sweeping past,
To charm her ear with its sad refrain;
But she knew not then, from the sighing blast,
If life were wedded to joy or pain;
It told of the years that must come and go,
And bring to her young life weal or woe;
How the yearning heart so longed to know
What the years to her life would bring.

* * * * * * *

Years pass, the child is a maiden now,
With a graceful step and thoughtful brow;
And the maiden dreams as the child had done,
But her dreams are not of the setting sun,
But of love in her young heart just begun;
And life is a sea of bliss.
But the wind is sighing a mournful tale,
Like a solemn dirge or a funeral knell.
And she bends her ear to the bitter wail,
To hear what its sighs will tell:
It tells of coming years of pain;
It tells of the sunshine and the rain.
And it closes the song with a sweet refrain
Of peace and quiet joy.

And the maiden full to a woman grew,
With a heart oft tried and ever true;
But the woman's dream was full of pain,
For her early hopes were with the slain,
And friendship's ties were rent in twain.
And life seemed a dreary void.
Ah! then the wind's low voice was heard,
And hope to its accents seemed to cling;
And she bent her head, like a weary bird,
To hear what its soulful words would bring:
It told of a love that was conquered—dead;
It told how false were the friends who fled,
And it murmured low, as it softly said:
"Be strong, for thy heart is true."

* * * * * * *

Time drifts along, and a woman still;
With noble strength and an iron will
She has broken the fetters that bound her fast,
And climbed to the heights of fame at last;
And nobler thoughts than the fairest past
Fill her life with a sweet content.
Now she hears the wind sing a holy song
In the branches above her head,
And she steals away from the gay world's throng
To listen to what is said:
It tells of a noble, lofty name,
How perfect love with the first years came;
It tells how her early loss was gain,
And life, now, peace and joy.

THE SECRET AGENT;

OR

The Struggle for Liberty.

Philadelphia in 1776

BY CHARLES MORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "PLIGHTED IN PERIL," ETC.

[This story was commenced in No. 51, Vol. 55. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XV.

SERGEANT KERR'S CHASE.

Allen Brooks left Washington's tent in doubt as to whether his exertions had not been useless, fearing that so little heed would be given to his warning as to give Howe's army a fatal advantage.

But on mounting the horse that was held for him just outside the tent, this doubt vanished. His own saddle and bridle had been changed to the new animal, which was a clean-built, spirited horse, with every sign of speed and endurance. This attention to his request seemed to him an earnest of Washington's trust in his word.

"That's a fine creature," said the soldier who held the horse while he mounted. "If you're in a hurry you'll find his legs make short work of the ground."

"I will give him a sharp trial, my friend," said Brooks. "I hope you will keep an eye on my horse in the meantime, for I intend to exchange back at the first chance."

"Trust me for that," said the soldier, as he pocketed the coin handed him.

Brooks gave his horse the rein, and was soon riding rapidly out of camp, the free action of the horse, and the athletic, handsome figure of the rider being followed by many eyes.

These looks were repaid by the horseman, who cast incessant glances from right to left, as if in search of familiar faces. He gave a breath of relief as he passed the outer lines of the camp, and drew out into the open road. Before him spread a rich, rolling country, dotted here and there with woodland, the road which he followed stretching far forward like a white stream.

Here and there appeared straggling groups of soldiery, out on various duties of the camp. A larger body was visible at a distance, marching as with intent to join the army. Just topping a hill at several miles distance, there was dimly seen a small body of horse.

Brooks rode on with a free rein, making no effort to avoid the troops seen, but keeping his eyes fixed on the spot where the troopers might be expected to reappear.

Reaching the top of a second ridge he saw them, descending an opposite slope, and not half a mile distant. It was evident, too, that they had discerned him, for he perceived the one in advance pointing towards him. If it had been his purpose to avoid this troop he now showed no evidence of it. In fact, just where he was, there was little chance to do so, without galloping over cultivated fields in full view, or turning back on the road he was following.

Either movement would have been suspicious, and he took the bolder course of riding directly on, with the trust that he would not be known to them. He had been pursued so often by the cavalry as to give him reason to avoid all scouting parties.

Five minutes more brought them into immediate proximity. The keen grey eyes of the scout were now thrown into the sharpest exercise on the problem before him.

The body of troopers numbered some twenty men, at their head a stout, whiskered officer, and near him a thin, oldish, sour-faced man, with the stripes of a sergeant.

To the left, between Brooks and the troopers, a narrow lane ran into the road they were traversing.

He had stirred up his horse to reach this lane before it could be covered by the cavalry. Nor was this caution unnecessary, for he had already recognized them as his most energetic and persistant foes.

"Captain Conrad, by all that's unlucky!" he muttered. "Here have I ridden right into the lion's mouth. There's likely to be a sharp brush before I escape the gallant Captain's clutch."

There were eyes in the opposite party as keen as his own. Sergeant Kerr had not forgotten his discomfiture by the spy. He now rode rapidly out in advance of the troop, calling loudly:

"Halt there, my man! I swore to bring you back, and I've got you now. It's Brooks, lads! It's the British spy! On him, boys, with spear and sabre, for he is as keen and tricky as a fox."

"Forward, lads!" cried the deep voice of Captain Conrad. "There's fifty pounds offered for the man who brings him into camp."

He had hardly spoken, however, before there was a decided change in the aspect of affairs. Brooks was not a man to be easily captured, and Sergeant Kerr was destined to pay involuntary evidence to his estimate of the spy's trickiness.

The Sergeant had craftily covered the mouth of the lane, but not a second did Brook's hesitate.

"Now, my gallant fellow," he said, patting his horse's neck as he gave him the rein, "do your best, for it's life or death."

The proud animal, quickened by the spur, sprang forward like a racer, rushing full against the opposing horse with such impetus that the animal was hurled to the ground, and the gallant Sergeant rolled over in the dust.

Instantly recovering from the shock a second spring placed Brooks within the mouth of the lane, to the utter surprise of his confident foes.

"After me, who can and will!" he shouted. "They'll have swift steeds that follow!"

There was something noble in his action and attitude as he turned with a courteous wave of the hand to his foes, his fine face beaming.

Captain Conrad had witnessed this movement with a surprise which was mingled with amusement at the disaster to Sergeant Kerr. The latter instantly struggled to his feet, white with dust, and his face full of malevolence. He fired a pistol spitefully after the fugitive shouting as he did so:

"Halt, you thundering blackguard, or I'll riddle you with bullets!"

A laugh of derision was the only answer. It was echoed by the troopers, as they rode by the enraged Sergeant, answering to the stirring troop call of their leader.

But the fallen horse obstructed their entance to the lane, and Brooks was a full hundred yards in advance, before the first of his pursuers got fairly on his track.

And now the value of Washington's gift was to be fairly tested. There were some good mounts in the troop. The Captain rode a grey horse of much spirit. The inducement, too, to make this capture was great. He was a spy who had been of serious injury to their cause, and there was a price upon his head, so that they were impelled by both avarice and patriotism.

Up the narrow, dusty lane went the chase, the thud of hoofs and the cries of the troopers making a music to which that quiet country-scene was little accustomed.

Sergeant Kerr had again mounted, and was already near the head of the troop. The old fellow was a splendid rider, and had a tough sinewy horse which was not surpassed for speed in the army.

But there was no shade of anxiety in Brooks' face as a mile was left behind and he still retained his advantage.

The troop was now stretched in a long line along the road, only the Captain and Sergeant being within the original distance.

A disdainful shout, a mocking wave of the hand, showed the satisfied feeling of the fugitive, as he shook the reins of his flying horse, and spoke to him in encouraging tones.

The two others, however, rode with unabated speed. Another mile, two miles, were left behind. The problem of toughness against pure speed began to tell. The horse of the spy was evidently failing. That of the Sergeant came on with the same long, even, swift stride as at first. The distance between them was now rapidly being lessened.

"That is a fine horse, Sergeant Kerr," said Brooks, looking back, without a sign of fear or discomposure. "Where is such stock raised?"

"On the Kerr homestead, in Lancaster county," replied the pursuer, in a tone of pride. "There is no better in the country. It is just the stock to ride down spies and traitors."

"They laugh best who laugh last, Sergeant Kerr," was the cool reply of the fugitive, as he turned and seemed to be again anxiously urging his horse.

With a shout of triumph the Sergeant gained yard after yard, drawing his sabre as he drew near the spy.

"Yield yourself, or I will cut you down from crown to chine!" roared the harsh voice of the trooper.

"Cut and be hanged!" came in disdainful tones from the spy.

Not ten yards now separated them. It diminished to eight, six, four yards. The pursuer rose in his stirrups, with uplifted sabre.

To all appearances he intended to keep his word, and affairs looked dark for the flying spy. But Sergeant Kerr had not built on all the craftiness of his opponent.

With a sudden hard pressure on the reins Brooks brought his horse to a stand. Unable to check his or to use his weapon the Sergeant in an instant rode by. But a strong hand was at his rein, a vigorous wrist tore his weapon from his grasp, he felt himself torn from his saddle with such a grip round his waist as it never had before been his fortune to feel.

In an instant Brooks had leaped to the ground with his struggling but helpless prisoner.

"You would have killed me. I will not be so hard on you," he coolly said, dragging the Sergeant to the trunk of an oak tree by the side of the road.

He was so held that kick and strike as he would he was utterly unable to escape that fierce grip. In an instant more he found himself drawn close against the trunk of the tree with a rope, which was rapidly passed several times round his body.

In a moment more it was securely tied behind him, and his hands were drawn back and strongly bound.

"The rope let it be, Sergeant Kerr, since you have chosen the rope," spoke the mocking voice of his foe. "As you have run my horse down, I will borrow yours. A fair exchange is no robbery, you know."

As he spoke, he was quickly changing his own saddle to the Sergeant's horse, amid the bitter curses of his prisoner.

"I will have your blood for this, if it takes me a lifetime," roared the latter.

"Don't get excited, Sergeant," was the calm reply. "It heats your own blood too much. Yonder comes Captain Conrad, who will let you loose. I hope he wont tell this story in camp."

With a laugh that served as an echo to the yells of the maddened prisoner, Brooks rode off on his borrowed horse, looking back at the struggling man, whom the Captain was now approaching, until lost by a curve in the road.

We will not follow Allen Brooks in the remainder of his ride, though we must take him up again at a later hour that same day.

Or rather we should say night, for it was late at night when we again see him, under the beams of a full moon, moving cautiously through a piece of woodland in company with a much older man.

THERE ROSE BEFORE THEM THE WALLS OF A STRONGLY-BUILT LOG CABIN.

"You are sure of your ground?" he asked.

"Guess I am," said the other, with decided intonation. "Have been watching them ever since you put me on the track. The Captain and his men will be in council to-night, and not half a mile from us."

"Lead on, then," said Brooks.

Less than half a mile was made when there rose before them, through the tree trunks, the walls of a strongly built log cabin, which was entirely buried in the woods.

The old man led forward cautiously, leaning upon a long stick as he bent forward to look through a chink in the walls. Through this there came a faint ray of light, and the sound of voices could be heard within.

"Here! the captain and the whole crew are inside," said the guide. "Get your eye and ear at this crevice."

Brooks obeyed, and listened with reddening face to the conversation that was audible within.

"General Howe's army will have Philadelphia inside of a week," came a voice he well knew. "Then good-bye to skulking, and hey for beauty and booty."

"It is about time, Captain," said another. "We have not made a good haul in six months."

"There are rich pickings on the other side of the Schuylkill," said the Captain. "And one of our first plans will be to finish that job which we failed in a year ago, to carry off the proud beauty, Madge Lawson."

"There may be two to have a say in that, Captain Fitz," came a threatening voice from without, which caused the outlaws to spring up and grasp their arms. "Lay hands on her again, and you will bring an avenger on your path who will not desist while there is a breath in your accursed body."

"Hell's fire, we are betrayed!" yelled the Captain, flying to the door of the hut.

As he flung it open and was on the point of darting out into the moonlight, a bullet whistled into the open doorway, causing him to draw back with startling rapidity.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE BATTLE OF BRANDYWINE.

Captain Conrad and his small detachment reached camp to find it enlivened by busy notes of preparation. Everywhere movements were in progress looking to an early march, and the listless idleness in which they had left the most of the army, was exchanged for the most active energy.

The Captain retained his usual jovial good humor, but this could hardly be said of Sergeant Kerr, whose usual sourness of visage had become acid enough to have turned pure water into first-proof vinegar.

"What is on foot?" cried the Captain to an officer near by. "This is not the sleepy camp I left yesterday morning."

"Marching orders," was the brief reply. "Our faces are set southward."

"Ha! It is well I got in. We don't march to-night?"

"Before to-morrow's sun. I don't know what it means, Conrad, but it looks as if the British had been smelt out. There's fighting afoot."

"So much the better. We are all getting rusty," said the gallant Captain, as he rode on.

"Welcome back, Captain," said the cheery voice of Colonel McLane, as they were dismounting. "I did not look for you yet. But it is well that you are here."

"What is up?" cried the Captain, as he sprung to the ground. "You look like a bee hive here."

"There's work ahead. The British are sailing up the Chesapeake, to march overland to Philadelphia;—if they don't find trouble on the road."

"The deuce you say! If I ain't wrong they'll find it a hard road to travel," said the Captain, grimly.

"Hallo, Sergeant!" cried the Colonel. "You're looking as grum as a powder barrel. Whose stable have you been plundering for that new horse, for which you have changed your old roadster?"

A grin of amusement, unseen by the Sergeant, crossed the faces of the men, but Captain Conrad was very sober as he replied:

"It is a good nag, and took Kerr's fancy. He found the creature standing in the road."

"But where is his own horse?"

"Oh, he lent that to a friend," replied the Captain, without a smile.

"What are you grinning at, you white-livered ape?" cried the Sergeant, turning fiercely upon one of the men. "I'll turn the corners of your mouth down in a hurry, if you think to laugh at me."

"That is the horse the stranger rode out of camp," said a soldier near by.

"The stranger!" cried Captain Conrad. "Do you mean to say that the rider of that horse was in camp?"

"Yes, and in General Washington's tent."

"Then there's the devil to play in earnest."

"Why what's wrong, Captain? Who is he?" asked the Colonel anxiously.

"Who? Why Allen Brooks, the British spy, not a soul less!" cried the Captain, with deep emphasis.

"Ha! Is that so?" exclaimed Colonel McLane, growing pale.

"True as gospel. We chased him for six miles. It was he that Sergeant Kerr kindly swapped horses with."

The Colonel looked at the suppressed fury in Kerr's face, and at the hardly-concealed merriment of the others, and saw that there was some fun afloat at the Sergeant's expense. But his mind was just then occupied with matter of more moment.

"The spy has sold us all," he cried, excitedly. "I half suspected the rascal. This march springs from information brought by that gentleman," he continued aside to Captain Conrad.

"Then it had better be countermanded at once," said he in deep surprise. "I would sooner take my news from Howe himself."

Colonel McLane seemed of the same opinion, by the haste with which he set off for the tent of the commander.

But the order to reverse their movement, which Captain Conrad fully expected, did not come. The preparations were completed, and at an early hour the next day the camp was struck and the whole army in full march southward.

Nor was what seemed to McLane, the idle confidence of Washington in the stranger without warrant. News soon flowed in from other sources that the fleet had disappeared from the Delaware! It had been seen in the Chesapeake! It was sailing up Elk river! The whole army of the British were making a forced march on Philadelphia!

The rapid succession of startling tidings was alarming enough. Hasty preparations were made by Washington to meet this threatening advance of the army. His army was greatly outnumbered by that of the foe, and was much its inferior in appointments. There was only the justice of their cause and the ability of their commander in which to trust.

On the morning of the 11th of September, 1777, the forces under General Washington were extended along the Brandywine, on the near Chadd's Ford, with the purpose of intercepting the enemy.

The battle commenced by a surprise to the Americans. Cornwallis had made a long march to the left, and crossed the river at the forks, without opposition. He now marched upon the right of the American forces.

Meanwhile, the Hessian leader kept Wayne's division occupied by a threatened crossing, which he had no intention of making.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon before the conflict commenced. The outset of the British was impetuous, but the Americans received them with coolness and courage.

But being overpowered by numbers they were at length forced to give way, post after post being seized and obstinately held.

The fiercest fighting took place near the centre, which rested upon the little stone meeting-house of the Quakers. This, with the grave-yard, walled in by a thick stone wall, yet stands as a memento of the battle.

Within the wall was a strong body of the Americans, among them a number of Captain Conrad's troop who had dismounted and eagerly pressed forward as volunteers.

"Give it to the red-coated beggars!" cried a fierce voice, as the enemy marched in seried lines upon the wall. "Let fly for the whites of their eyes."

A rolling, irregular fire followed that told severely upon the British. They were momentarily shaken. But with shouts and cheers they came on.

"Pile it into them, lads!" cried Sergeant Kerr, busily using a rifle which he had seized.

"You're a boss, Sergeant," said a sandy-whiskered man beside him. "Lay it out, hot and heavy. They've smelt powder before. We'll make them taste lead."

Over the low wall poured a galling fire, very destructive to the foe, while the Americans were covered. The British seemed marching upon certain death.

But with unflinching obstinacy they closed up their broken ranks and came on. With drawn swords and assuring shouts the officers threw themselves at their head, and led fiercely on. The gate was broken open and a party rushed into the entrance.

They were met and driven out by a vigorous rush of the defenders.

"Kick off the shoulder-knots! Down with the sword-bearers!" cried the valorous Sergeant, and he loaded and fired in a frenzy.

"They break! They are going back! Over the wall and at them!" cried his sandy-whiskered companion, who was no other than our old friend, Perce Brown.

"Not a step, on your lives!" came the deep voice of Captain Conrad. "Keep the wall between you and the foe. Don't sell out the advantage it gives you."

But the repulse of the British was but momentary. Line after line came forward, to replace those shattered by the American fire. New leaders sprang to the front as their brave predecessors sank to the earth dead or grievously wounded. Step by step they gained ground. The wall was reached. Again they swarmed through the gate. The fight became hand to hand.

Back, step by step, went the out-numbered Americans, fighting vigorously. Perce Brown, Sergeant Kerr, Captain Conrad, and a number of others, formed a group that for awhile held the gate against all the efforts of the foe.

"There is my last bullet, and you are welcome to it!" cried Perce, as his close shot brought down an opponent. "Now you can try the stock and see how that feels."

His clubbed musket came viciously upon the head of an opponent, hurling him prostrate to the ground.

"Good for Jersey!" cried Captain Conrad, as he sprang into the melee, side by side with the soldiers.

"And here's one scored for Lancaster county," yelled Sergeant Kerr, as he swung his musket like a war club.

Little had the founders of the Quaker meeting, or the circle of peace-loving Friends who assembled there weekly, dreamed of what bloody work those quiet walls were destined to look upon.

That graveyard became, indeed, an abode of death, its humble graves consecrated by the blood of patriot soldiery, its grass bedewed with the life-stream of hireling troops.

With set bayonets the British charged, driving back the fiercely fighting Americans, and at length carrying the entire enclosure.

Despite the vigorous resistance of the patriot forces they were driven back from post after post, fighting fiercely for each position.

At this critical period, when the right wing was thus being forced back, the Hessians made the passage of the river, and carried the entrance defended by Wayne's division. After a severe conflict this division, too, broke and fell sullenly back.

A retreat, which was fast becoming a rout, marked every portion of the American lines.

Our friends had withdrawn in safety and had regained their horses at the points at which they had been left.

"Into the saddle!" cried Captain Conrad. "We report again for duty," he continued, touching his cap to Colonel McLane, who commanded the regiment.

"You look as if you had been on duty," said the latter, with an approving glance at the dismounted detachment of his troop.

"We've written our name on the British front," said Sergeant Kerr boastingly.

"Hallo! Sergeant. I've seen that horse before. Where did you get him?" cried the sandy-whiskered volunteer, as the bold Sergeant mounted.

"Is it the horse you borrowed, Sergeant?" asked the Colonel, maliciously.

"It's the spy, Allen Brooks' horse, which he left behind in [camp to be called for,"

said the Sergeant, sourly. "I am taking care of it for him. When he wants it again he can call on me."

"And what then?" asked Captain Conrad.

"I'll give him back the bridle he lent me a week or two ago," said the Sergeant, with a revengeful look. "But I'll twist it into a hempen collar for him."

"I'll bet a barrel of sweet potatoes that when Brooks calls for that horse he'll take it away with him," said Perce Brown with a provoking smile.

"I'll go you a handful of Continental dollars that he won't," answered the Sergeant, hotly.

"It's a wager," cried Captain Conrad, laughing. "A barrel of potatoes against a handful of paper dollars that Brooks don't trade back horses, or else leave the Sergeant on foot."

"If he does I'll hang myself in the rope twisted for him," growled the Sergeant.

"Forward! march!" came the ringing order of Colonel McLane, and the regiment was at once in motion.

And much work had they to do in covering the retreat of the American forces, which were now in full flight, hotly pressed by the British.

All that night the retreat continued, to Chester, where the baggage of the army had been sent, and thence to Germantown.

CHAPTER XVII.

RED-COAT VISITORS.

Their victory at Brandywine was followed by dilatory movements on the part of the British, by more active ones on the part of the patriot army.

Washington did not delay long at Germantown, but recrossed the Schuylkill, and made active movements towards opposing the foe. Strong hopes were entertained that they might yet be repulsed and Philadelphia saved.

But unforeseen circumstances ruined the hopes of the Americans. A night attack was made on General Wayne, driving him back with considerable loss. The British army was at once thrown into the gap thus opened, and the line of the Schuylkill seized.

The succeeding events will be unfolded in the course of our story. We must return to our young lady characters, whom we have deserted longer than it seems quite polite to the ladies.

It is nearly a year since we last saw them, and this lapse of time has not failed to leave its mark upon their faces and characters. Madge Lawson is more subdued; the girlishness has somewhat passed from her manner and a new expression, such as was never seen there before, has grown upon her face.

Letty Snyder, who has become a very close friend of Madge's, has developed into a more buxom damsel than ever. She has the loudest, cheeriest laugh, the most daring and mischievous disposition, and the strongest hand and arm, of any woman within a pigeon's flight. Many is the trick she has played upon her admirers, many the wild joke in which she has indulged.

Yet, to judge from her revelation to Madge, she had found more than her match.

"I don't like these black-whiskered men," she said, petulantly, as the two girls strolled hand in hand, through the gardens of the Lawton homestead.

"Why, I can see no harm in black whiskers," said Madge.

"Oh, they think themselves so wonderfully good-looking, and they presume so on it," replied Letty. "He is such a vexatious, pestering fellow, that I would give something to be well rid of him."

"But he has not troubled you much lately," said Madge, laughing. "And he is on the wrong side of the river now."

"I don't like all this marching and countermarching," was the petulant reply. "If one does settle down to a good time with a party of troopers, here come marching orders, and away they are whisked."

"But I thought that was just what you wanted," said Madge, with a sly look.

"Is that all you know, Madge Lawson? I thought you were more of a girl than that. I've got no objection to his marching orders, but I want to give them myself."

"I am afraid that Captain Conrad would not march soon if you were his commander," said Madge archly.

"Don't you imagine that," said Letty, with a shrug of her shoulders. "He would not be the first man whom I have set on the road at a moment's notice."

"He is not used to turn his back on the enemy," replied Madge. "Proclaim yourself his foe, and you will never drive him off."

"Oh! he is a good sort of fellow enough," said Letty, with pursed mouth. "Kind of good-natured and jolly. One of the sort that are useful to have about, if you keep them at their distance."

"I shall have to tell the Captain, if I see him, that he had best keep his distance. It won't do to have him vexing you."

"Suppose you attend to your own young man, Mr. Brooks," said Letty, jerking her hand away.

"Oh, he does not trouble me in the slightest," said Madge, with a provoking smile. "He is not half so attentive as your friend, the Captain."

"You know why, Madge," said Letty, somewhat hotly. "Now that the British are about, I suppose Mr. Brooks will be here often enough, and that I shall not set eyes on the Captain."

"And won't you be glad of that?"

"No, I won't," said Letty, with a toss of her head. "The Captain won't hurt me, if he does come. I don't mind his ways once in a while."

"I judge not," said Madge, demurely.

"He is in a better business than Allen Brooks, anyhow," said Letty, to whom Madge's manner was excessively tantalizing. "I don't know that I should much like a lover who is afraid to show himself only when the Tories and the British are about."

"Who claims him as a lover?" cried Madge, in her turn vexed. "I think Letty Snyder did as much for him as I did."

"I did it for you, you good-hearted thing," said Letty, embracing her friend with vigorous affection. "We are two ninnies, anyhow, to be disputing about any pair of men. Allen Brooks is a fine, hearty fellow, if they do call him a spy. And he thinks a deal of you. I would do as much for him again."

"And Captain Conrad is a whole-souled worthy soldier, if he does wear black whiskers. I wish he knew all that I know," said Madge.

"Let him alone to find out for himself," said Letty, with a merry laugh, in which her friend heartily joined.

They took a few more turns up and down the garden.

"What did you say about the British coming?" asked Madge. "Is there any fresh news?"

"Why where have you been living that you have not heard it?" exclaimed Letty. "They have crossed the river and are marching straight on Philadelphia. Thousands of the red-coated heathen, with flags flying and drums beating. A whole drove of them passed our house, and didn't leave a thimbleful of drink in the bar. Your father must have heard of them."

"He and I don't talk any more on that subject," said Madge. "We can't agree."

"You will soon see them for yourself," replied Letty. "We will have them foraging over all this country; stealing, and plundering everybody."

Madge was silent a minute her face growing grave and thoughtful.

"Why what has come over you?" said Letty, looking her closely in the face. "Ah! I see. It is that rogue of a Captain Fitz who is troubling you. But you have not seen him for so long, Madge, he must have given you up."

"It was only because he dared not venture here," replied Madge seriously. "Now that the red-coats are here—"

"Just send for me if he shows himself," said Letty, vigorously. "You know Jim Fitzpatrick was no friend of mine before the war. I owe him something which I would like to pay Captain Fitz.—But it is high time I was going. Good-bye, Madge, and keep up a good heart."

But this was only the first good-bye. It took a full half-hour for Letty to get through with last bits of gossip, and final adieus and safely on the way home.

If the Lawsons had seen no red-coat soldiers before, they saw enough of them that and the next day. Nor did Roger Lawson's well-known Toryism save his farm from the plundering to which all the farmers were subjected. The enemy were marching over a conquered country, and cared little for the sentiments of its inhabitants.

Old Mr. Lawson was more bitter at these pillagings than he had imagined he could be at any action of the army of the King to whom he felt such warm loyalty.

He appealed indignantly to an officer for protection. The latter responded by writing over the door of the mansion:

"Headquarters of Colonel Forster."

This served to protect the house, but the farm was little better protected than before.

Yet it was a brilliant spectacle, the long lines of soldiery, with their showy red-coats and burnished arms, their floating banners, and warlike music. Madge, despite her antipathy, could not help looking on with pleased curiosity.

But this pageant, like all others, ended. Only stragglers now passed. Word came that the British had marched into the city, in all the pomp and bravery of triumph, and were now in undisturbed possession.

It was in the evening of the second day thereafter, that what seemed a belated party of the English forces came riding down the Ridge road. They were six or eight in number, and seemed excellently mounted.

Unlike their preceders, they paid no attention to Colonel Forster's safeguard, still written at the front of the Lawson mansion, but stalked boldly into the house, leaving their horses in the road outside.

The family were seated in the kitchen, before the huge fire-place, little dreaming of such an intrusion, when these rude footsteps were heard in the outer passage.

A half-dozen troopers stalked in at the open door, their sabres clanking on the wooden floors.

"What does this mean, sirs?" cried Mr. Lawson, indignantly. "Do you know that we are under the protection of Colonel Forster?"

"That, for Colonel Forster!" said the leader, a burly giant, snapping his fingers. "He's no officer of our'n."

"I shall report you, sirrah. Who is your officer?"

"I am the officer. These are my men," said the fellow, insolently. "Now don't get your back up, my old friend. We only dropped in for a bite and a morsel of drink."

"Which you will not get here—" began the brave old man.

"There, there, husband," interrupted Mrs. Lawson. "I suppose the poor fellows are hungry and thirsty, and we will not miss it."

"Let them ask then a little more politely," blazed out Madge.

"Oh, they meant no harm!" said Mrs. Lawson, nervously. "Adam, I wish you would bring up a pitcher of cider."

There were two of the farm hands seated in a corner of the kitchen. One of them disappeared at this order, and soon returned with a foaming flagon.

Several of the soldiers drank with gusto, but the leader flung his mug to the floor, spitting out a mouthful of its contents.

"Pah! such swill as that for a soldier! Give us something with more body in it."

"It is good enough for your betters," said Madge, hotly. "If you are not satisfied you will be kind enough to take yourself and your gang out of the house."

"And you, too, my lady," cried the giant, suddenly turning upon her and grasping her by the shoulder.

She strove to escape, but he held her firmly. The two men sprang from their seats and rushed forward to her rescue, grasping eagerly at the huge assailant.

He shook them off and called to his companions, still keeping his firm grasp on the shrinking girl.

For a moment or two there was a fierce struggle in the kitchen. It ended in the two men being flung helplessly to the floor, while the white-haired father was hurled back against the wall with an ugly sabre cut in the head.

Mrs. Lawson had rushed forward screaming, and was clinging to her daughter and trying to loosen the grip of the burly ruffian.

"Take the old woman off," he roared, with an oath. "Take her off before I do her harm. Come, my pretty lady, you will go with me. There is no use struggling. I was sent for you, and am not going back empty-handed."

Despite the cries of the mother and the groans of the wounded father, he lifted Madge in his strong arms as if she had been a feather, and carried her out through the long front passage of the house.

Mrs. Lawson would have followed, but the door was slammed and fastened behind them.

One of the farm hands had by this time struggled to his feet. He rushed out the back door and forward through the front yard, just in time to see the marauding party riding down the Ridge road, Madge Lawson held on the horse of their leader, a tall, slender person whom he did not remember to have seen in the house.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SERGEANT KERR BAFFLED.

It was at sunset the same evening that two men rode rapidly to the door of the Lawson homestead—one dismounting and entering the house, while he left his horse in charge of the other.

We need not dwell upon the misery which he found within. Mrs. Lawson was almost distracted with grief, and was utterly unfit to attend to the wound of her husband. The farm hands were as incapable of definite action, and it was some time before the visitor could fully understand what had happened.

"What do you mean?" he cried, seizing one of them firmly by the arm. "What has happened to Miss Lawson?"

"Carried off by a party of British," ejaculated the man. "It is not an hour. They attacked us. It is a miracle that we are alive."

"Carried off!" cried the visitor, falling back as if he had been struck a heavy blow.

"Yes, stolen by a red-coat gang. Me and Adam here fought them, but it weren't no sort of use. It's a blessing if they haven't killed Mr. Lawson."

"Mr. Brooks!" cried Mrs. Lawson, entering the room. "Oh! I am so glad to see you! Pursue them, sir! They have stolen her, my daughter! Oh, sir, you have power with the English! You can rescue her! You can make the villains release her!"

"Or kill the whole crew of them!" he cried, with startling energy. "Who were they? Are you sure they were British soldiers? Were they troopers?"

"Yes," said the man called Adam. "I saw them. Their leader was a tall, slender man."

"Not Captain Fitz?" the visitor almost screamed. "Not that unbounded villain?"

"Captain Fitz!" cried Adam, with a sudden lighting up of the countenance. "Yes, by gracious, that's just the man, or I never saw him. I've been in too much of a whirl to think."

"You saw them? Which way did they ride?"

"Down the ridge. They are heading for the city."

"That is a trick. I doubt if they venture there under false colors," said Brooks, vigorously. "I will find them if they are on the earth. If I do, it will be a sorry day for the villainous Tory."

He rushed excitedly from the room. In a few words he told what had occured to his companion without, who was none other than the old man who had led him to the secret lurking place of the robbers, and had aided him to escape from their furious pursuit.

"Follow them down the Ridge road," he cried, energetically. "Enquire as you go. Pursue them to the city. If they have turned off, for your life don't let them throw you from the track. I will ride by the other road, past Snyder's. I may learn something there. Be quick and vigilant. We will meet at the old place—the Lamb."

The old man wasted no time in speech. In a moment he was off, riding sharply down the road.

Allen returned into the house, looked after the condition of Mr. Lawson, questioned Mrs. Lawson and the men more closely, and strove earnestly to give hope to the distressed mother. There was a feverish anxiety in his looks and movements, which grew into dread and distress as he again mounted and rode rapidly away.

We must precede him to Snyder's. In the tap room of this roadside inn was a group of American soldiers, lounging about in seeming disregard of the proximity of the British.

Occupying the chair of state among them, and swinging airily in his right hand a jug of beaded ale, was our old friend, Sergeant Kerr, the same cross-grained, sour, tough old warrior whom we last saw in battle.

"Here's to Washington and the Continental Congress, and confusion to all Tories and traitors!" he cried, as he swallowed half the contents of the jug in one deep draught.

A chorus of shouts from the soldiers echoed this patriotic sentiment.

In the small parlor of the inn were two others of our characters—Captain Conrad and Letty Snyder.

"You had no business to come here," she vigorously cried, looming over him as he sat in a crouching attitude.

"I'd like to know why," he said, carelessly, looking up at her with a look that seemed to vex her.

"You know why, well enough," she exclaimed, turning and walking hastily across the room. "It is just like you to make light of it."

"If there was anything or anybody in the way, why didn't they stop me?" he replied. "We walked here as quietly as sheep, without a red-coat in sight."

"You mayn't walk away so quietly," she answered, throwing herself heavily into a chair. "You're to risky, Captain Conrad. I don't want to see you go from here to a British prison."

"Would it make any difference to you, Letty?" he said, rising and approaching her.

"Of course it would. You know it well enough. I'm not a heathen, to want to see harm come to my friends."

"And is that the best word you have got for me?"

"What do you want me to say?" she asked, half angrily. "I wish you would take your men and leave here this minute."

"You seem anxious to get rid of me," he replied, in a vexed accent.

"What do you expect if you will come here and keep me in a fret and worry?" said Letty, her honest eyes wet. "There was a British troop here to-day. There may be more here in an hour. How if that is some of them come back now?"

She started hastily to her feet, and stood with parted lips and hot eyes. Captain Conrad drew back into the shadows of the room. A horse had stopped at the door. Footsteps were coming heavily along the passage.

Captain Conrad's hand was on his sword hilt as the steps paused opposite the door, which was opened, and the new comer entered the room.

His appearance exercised a peculiar effect on Letty and the Captain. The latter drew still further back in the dimly lighted room. But Letty sprang forward in dread and surprise.

"Allen Brooks here!" she ejaculated.

"Yes," was his answer, in a thick, hasty utterance. "You saw Madge Lawson to-day. Do you know if she had any reason to fear any one? Had she seen anything of Captain Fitz?"

"Captain Fitz!" cried Letty. "Why he has not been seen here for a year."

"Are you sure?" asked Allen, in a doubtful tone.

"Yes, we spoke of him to-day. But what has happened, Mr. Brooks? You look pale and flustered."

"The most terrible business," he said, excitedly. "She has been stolen! Madge has been carried off! Whither or by whom I know not, though I blame that infamous Tory."

"Stolen!" cried Letty, her face full of fire. "Madge stolen? My God! When? How?—Why it is not three hours since I was there."

"It is not an hour since it was done. A gang of cut-throats broke in, carried her off with them, and badly hurt her old father, when he sought to defend her."

"Heavens! and you stand here talking? Captain Conrad, do you hear this? You must pursue the villains, all of you!"

"Captain Conrad!" cried Brooks, turning slightly pale as he looked in the direction of the officer.

Letty glanced hastily from one to the other, a sense of their peculiar relations recurring to her. With her usual decision she at once seized upon a plan of action.

"Allen Brooks," she said, closing her strong hand upon his arm. "You are in danger here, Madge Lawson is in danger elsewhere. Off with you at once.—Captain Conrad and his men have not seen you yet. Fly! Release Madge, and the Captain will thank his stars that he did not see you."

The Captain had taken a step forward, his face full of conflicting emotions. Duty and inclination seemed to be struggling in his soul. Letty turned towards him, and there was something in her look and uplifted finger that decided the battle.

Brooks had fully realized his danger on seeing the American officer. He caught the full meaning of Letty's stratagem and walked quickly from the room. He felt that there was little trust in the continuance of the burly Captain's forbearance.

"I hope he does not meet Sergeant Kerr," muttered the latter. "I am half afraid you have made a fool and a traitor of me, Letty Snyder," he continued.

"You army officers are never satisfied unless you are hunting some poor devil, who may have done something wrong ten years ago," said the girl, energetically. "If you had laid hands on that man I would never have looked at you again, Captain Conrad."

"But what if the Sergeant should catch a glimpse of him? You know what a man Kerr is."

"Leave me to deal with the Sergeant. He boasts of having the spy's horse. It would be a good joke if they could be changed back again, and the laugh turned on the Sergeant."

They were interrupted by an outcry, and sounds of a struggle outside. There was the movement of bodies to and fro, some broken curses, a heavy fall.

With a loud ejaculation, which might have been anger either at himself or his men, Captain Conrad burst from the room. A few quick steps took him to the porch, where a stirring spectacle presented itself.

Sergeant Kerr lay prostrate on the floor of the porch, where he seemed to have been knocked by the strong fist of the spy, who now, his face burning with indignation, was firmly held by two stalwart soldiers.

"What is this?" cried the Captain angrily, as he stepped to the porch.

"It means that we've caught the spy, Allen Brooks, again," said the Sergeant, slowly rising. "If he gets away from us again we deserve to be sold out for babies."

The Captain bit his lip with vexation as he turned half away.

"It was foolhardy in you, Brooks," he said, "to put your head again in the lion's den."

The prisoner made no answer. But his breast heaved and his breath came hard as from stress of deep emotion.

"I could not help it, Letty," the Captain whispered to the girl, who had followed. "What I did secretly, cannot be done openly."

"Leave it to me," she whispered in reply, as he turned and disappeared.

"We had best be off, Captain," said one of the men. "There are red-coats reported not half a mile away."

"Get your horses then," shouted the Captain in a vexed tone. "We must to the saddle at once."

Sergeant Kerr, who had regained his feet, glared with malignant satisfaction on the prisoner.

"It's my turn now, Allen Brooks," he said. "Maybe you'd like to swap horses again."

"Yes," said the prisoner, a sudden flash in his eye.

"Well, we won't then. I've took a fancy to that beast of your'n. Think I'll keep him to remember you by."

"Hold your tongue, Kerr," cried the Captain, sharply. "You forget that the man is a prisoner."

"It ain't long then since he forgot that I was a prisoner," muttered the Sergeant.

The horses of the troop were now brought up to the door of the inn, ready for mounting.

Brooks saw, with kindling eye, his own favorite steed, held by the hostler just before him, as if to aggravate him.

"There's your horse, Allen Brooks," said Letty, reappearing and standing near the Sergeant. "Mr. Kerr here has been keeping it for you, for which you ought to thank him, before you mount and bid him good-bye."

"A thousand thanks, Sergeant Kerr," said Brooks, bending with a courtly gesture to his enemy.

This unlooked-for action distracted somewhat the attention of the two men who held him, and whose grasp was momentarily relaxed.

'Ere they could dream of his intention they were hurled with stunning force together by the strong arms of the prisoner. He tore himself from their grip, and leaping past them, in an instant had sprung to the saddle of his horse.

"Good-bye, Sergeant," he gaily cried, "and many thanks. I'll take my horse again with your permission."

With a fierce curse the Sergeant drew a pistol and levelled it at the spy.

The aim was quick but deadly, and the Sergeant's eye blazed with hate as he pulled the trigger.

The bullet sped wide of its mark. At the critical moment the hand of Letty Snyder had twitched the Sergeant's elbow and utterly disconcerted his aim. She now stood beside him with a provoking smile on her fair face.

At the same instant the fugitive rode off at full speed.

"To your saddles!" shouted Captain Conrad, rushing from the porch. "The spy must not escape. It will be worth fifty pounds to the man who brings him in."

In less than a minute, the troopers were in full pursuit of the swiftly-flying fugitive.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SLEEP IS THE BEST STIMULANT.

The best possible thing for a man to do when he feels too weak to carry anything through is to go to bed and sleep for a week if he can. This is the only recuperation of brain force; because, during sleep, the brain is in a state of rest, in a condition to receive and appropriate particles of nutriment from the blood, which takes the place of those which have been consumed in previous labor, since the very act of thinking consumes or burns up solid particles, as every turn of the wheel screw of the splendid steamer is the result of consumption by fire of the fuel in the furnace. The supply of consumed brain substance can only be had from the nutritive particles in the blood, which were obtained from the food eaten previously; and the brain is so constituted that it can best receive and appropriate to itself those nutritive particles during a state of rest, of quiet, and stillness of sleep. Mere stimulants supply nothing in themselves; they goad the brain, and force it to a greater consumption of its substance, until that substance has been so exhausted that there is not power enough left to receive a supply, just as men are so near death by thirst and starvation that there is not power enough left to swallow anything, and all is over.

A good disposition will carry a man through a private party, make him hold a plate of refreshments on his knees full of stuff he does not want to eat, and yet say he is happy.

A SERENADE.

BY N. G. SHEPHERD.

The full moon in the deep blue skies
Like a fair face to fancy seems;
Upon the lawn the soft dew lies,
And glistens in her silvery beams.
Under thy window now I stand;
Brightly the stars above me shine;
The night wind blows so soft and bland,
Hardly it stirs the casement vine.

She hears me not, for lost in sleep
Her wandering thoughts through dreamland go;
The roses in the garden weep,
For she their love can never know.
They shed for her their rich perfume,
For her does weep the whole night long;
And I, like them, half hid in gloom,
Pour out my soul to her in song.

THE CHARM DOCTOR.

BY A. GOULD PENN.

Doctor Harry Brooks, the latest accession to the medical fraternity of Parkville, sat one morning in the dingy old office of Doctor Able, who had kindly taken him into a conditional partnership.

An observer would have thought that Dr. Harry was very much absorbed in the large leather bound volume which lay in his lap, but such, in reality, was not the fact. The old volume had been taken up with the laudable intention of study, but the young Doctor's mind was running in a different channel, and his thoughts, properly written out, would read something like this:

"Here, I've been a partner of old Doctor Able's about six months, and in all that time haven't had a case fit for a charm doctor to experiment upon. People will insist on asking for Doctor Able, and look at me with a fearful frown when I dare to offer my services. Wish I was old, gray-headed, married—Ah! yes, perhaps that would help me into practice. Married? Wonder if I could prevail upon sweet Kate Richmond to bestow her hand and expectations on such as I? I believe she loves me, and I know I love her. But, that mother of Kate's! Whew!"

Rap—rap—bang! as if the door was about to be knocked in, and Doctor Harry's book rattled on the floor as he let down the front legs of his chair.

"Come in!" he roared, somewhat in proportion to the strength of the knock.

A bright looking Irish lad about sixteen years of age appeared, grinning.

"Good mornin', Doctor Brooks."

"Teddy Mileen, is that you, why did you not cave the door in at once?"

"Hadn't time, sure; am in a hurrah; where's the ould mon?"

"Gone to the country. What's up now. Is Mrs. Richmond worse?"

"Worse is it? She'll be dead as a mackerel in jist sixteen minutes an' a half."

"Well, Doctor Able will return in about one hour, and I will tell him he is wanted there."

"Better sind the undertaker along wid him," answered Teddy as he banged the door after him and started up the street.

Doctor Brooks knew that Mrs. Richmond—Kate's mother—was not seriously ill, in fact that she was a hypochondriac, and was only happy when she could find a new doctor.

He had been sent for in haste, on his first arrival in town, and thus began his acquaintance with Kate. But he had very incautiously asserted the real truth to the afflicted mother, and she had indignantly dismissed him, and forbidden Kate to speak to him again.

However, there were many opportunities of meeting Kate, unknown to the old lady, and such meetings had taken place until Harry had come to consider himself an accepted suitor, but poverty had prevented him from deciding the matter definitely.

"Something must be done to kill time when there are no patients at hand for the same purpose," thought Dr. Brooks, "and why not play business for want of the genuine article."

Acting on this impulse, he rang for the stable boy, and ordered out his horse and buggy, for he was fortunate in the possession of those very necessary adjuncts to his profession. When they arrived he took up his cases, and springing into the buggy, drove furiously through the principal part of town, as if a matter of life and death was at stake.

Of course people stared, and wondered who it could be in such need of a physician and duly canvassed the merits of the young Doctor.

At last, having done the most important part of town, Harry struck out upon a pleasant country road, and once beyond range of the village, slackened his pace, and prepared to enjoy the bright surroundings.

A little womanly figure appeared coming down the road, and at a glance he knew it could be no other than the one uppermost in his mind—Kate Richmond.

"Good morning, Miss Richmond," was his salutation, and it was returned cordially.

"Taking a morning walk for your health?" he asked.

"O, no sir. I have been out to Uncle John's; you know he lives about a mile from town. I often walk out there on little errands for mamma."

This was an opportunity not to be lost, and Doctor Harry used his arts of persuasion so well that Kate consented to take a little ride, and so he helped her into the buggy and away they went.

What transpired on that eventful ride we cannot exactly state, but certain it is that those two came to some kind of an understanding during the hour they were exercising Harry's fine horse, and at her urgent request he allowed her to alight where he had found her, and they returned to town by different roads."

"Katie!" called the petulant Invalid.

"Yes, Ma;" and Kate Richmond entered the parlor where her mother sat bundled up in a comfortable rocker.

"It is about time for me to take my medicine, dear," she suggested.

Kate bustled around to prepare the usual dose of strengthening cordial recommended so highly by old Doctor Able.

"Mamma," she said hesitatingly.

"Well, Kate, what is it?—be careful or you will spill the medicine!"

"There is a wonderful doctor coming to town, and I am sure he can cure you."

"Oh dear, Katie, I shall never be well, I fear, these doctors do not know my trouble, this pain in my back, this suffocating—this—"

"But, mamma," interrupted Kate, "this new doctor, Professor Mohoc, the great Indian charm doctor, as his advertisements say, can charm away disease of all kinds and performs wonderful cures."

"Well, it may be beneficial to try him," said the invalid, as if grasping at the last straw of hope."

"Shall I have him called, mamma?"

"When, dear?"

"To-morrow evening. He will arrive in town this evening and remain a week or more."

"As you like, Katie. O, this suffocation! my dear. Aunt Melinda was once cured of the ague by a charm. It may do me good. We will try it."

A smile of satisfaction illumined Kate's face as she re-arranged the wraps about her mother and tripped lightly out of the room.

The summer twilight was deepening into night as a pompous, dashily dressed and rather portly man stepped up to the door of the Richmond place, and rang the bell. He had on the shiniest black hat, and swung a heavy, gold-headed cane, and altogether assumed an air exceedingly professional.

His face was covered by a heavy black beard, and the tawny hue of his skin indicated foreign birth.

It was the renowned Doctor Mohoc, the great Indian charm doctor, and he was soon admitted by Kate Richmond and ushered into the presence of the invalid.

"Good evening," was his greeting, with a foreign accent, and laying aside hat and cane, he approached the invalid, wasting no time in useless talk.

Taking her wrist between his thumb and fingers, he pulled out a handsome gold watch and timed her pulse.

"Leet me see tongue," imperatively.

The invalid exhibited that important member.

"Where pain—here?" and roughly he dug his thumb into her side.

"Oh! dear me, doctor, you'll kill me!" screamed the invalid, fairly jumping under his rough inspection.

"Madame," eyeing her pityingly. "You haf call me just in time. Two week and you haf been dead."

"O, mercy, Kate, do you hear that?"

But Katie had left the room with her handkerchief to her face, shaking convulsively, but not with weeping we fear.

Meantime Doctor Mohoc had pulled a mysterious looking box from his pocket, and taking out ten peculiar beans, was going over some monotonous chant in a strange tongue, lifting each bean at arms length above his head, and returning it to the box.

Kate had slipped into the room again, and watched the proceedings.

At last the Doctor spoke:

"Here great charm, sure cure. Madame, you must take beans efery morning."

"All at once?" with a look of horror she asked.

"No swallow," he said. "Efery morning take beans, go out into garden, lay bean at foot of every tree and bush on place. Do so efery time lay bean," lifting both hands from his shoulder as high as he could reach, "den when beans all out, go back where you begin, and take all up same way, understand?"

"O dear, it will kill me to do all that," sighed the invalid.

"Must do it or die. Sure charm. No cure, no ash pay."

"But how often must I do this, doctor?"

"Efery day at six o'clock in morning for two week."

"I just know it will kill me! My poor back!"

"This chair no good," asserted the doctor, "it kill you too. Must not use easy chair, always use hard chair; no arms—no cushions. All spoil charm."

"But, doctor, I can't do without this easy chair!" exclaimed the now horrified woman.

"Must; die sure if don't. Room too hot, open windows, doors; get out in sunshine then charm do good," and hastily gathering hat and cane, Doctor Mohoc departed abruptly.

The poor woman seemed deprived of all strength at contemplating the new *regime* laid down for her; but faith works wonders and it is said that everybody has some superstition. Mrs. Richmond had belief in charms, and this alone caused her to try the strange prescription.

It was hard at first, but after a few trials she improved, and friends persuaded her that she was looking so much better, and their kind flattery helped her.

In short, she continued her exercise under Kate's training, until she found it much nicer to be out and stirring than moping in a warm room.

Her views of life generally changed, and when at the proper time, Kate exposed the fraud successfully practiced, her indignation was suppressed, and a full pardon granted Doctor Harry Brooks, with the possession of Kate's hand, and she now considers him a wonderful, charm-ing Doctor.

THE WORST MASTER IN THE WORLD.

The Arabs have a fable from which we may learn a lesson.

Once upon a time a miller, shortly after he had lain down for an afternoon's nap, was startled by a camel's nose being thrust in at the door of his house.

"It is very cold outside," said the camel; "I only wish to get my nose in." The miller was an easy kind of a man, and so the nose was let in.

"The wind is very sharp," sighed the camel; "pray allow me to get my neck inside." This request was also allowed, and the neck was thrust in.

"How fast the rain begins to fall! I shall get wet through. Will you let me place my shoulders under cover?" This, too, was granted; and so the camel asked for a little and a little more, until he had pushed his whole body inside the house.

The miller soon began to be put to much trouble by the rude companion he had got in his room, which was not large enough for both, and as the rain was over, civilly asked him to depart.

"If you don't like it you may leave," saucily replied the beast. "As for myself, I know when I am well off, and shall stay where I am."

This is a very good story; and we hope the Arabs are all the wiser and better for it; but let us also try to turn it to as good account.

There is a camel knocking at the heart of us all, young and old, seeking to be let in; its name is sin. It comes silently and craftily and knocks: "Let me in," only a very small part at first. So in comes the nose; and it is not long before, little by little, it gains entire possession; like as it was with Achan of old: "I saw," "I coveted," "I took," "I hid," step by step, until he was "led captive by the devil." Once in possession, the master soon becomes the tyrant. Thus it is that bad wishes arise; then wrong deeds; until evil habits rule us. The French say, "It is the first step that costs;" if the first step is not taken, the second will never be known.

"I WOULD not, for any money," says Jean Paul Richter, "have had money in my youth."

Worthless Imitations

Of Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth" are in circulation. The unprecedented success and popularity so justly gained for this harmless and valuable toilet preparation have induced persons to counterfeit it. The genuine has the United States Internal Revenue Stamp engraved on the front label, and the name of G. W. Laird stamped in the glass on the back of each bottle. No other is genuine. Sold at all druggists and fancy goods dealers.

A PICTURE.

Naught but a fanciful picture,
Naught but a vision fair,
A glimpse as the sunlight universal
On the threads of her golden hair.

I thought, as I stood and watched her,
Of the past that might have been,
A present, but now unfolding,
And a future as yet unseen.

Fancies, just born in the twilight,
And nursed 'neath a moon's pale beam;
Paint at the dawn of daybreak,
And lost in the first morning gleam.

Lost? nay, not lost, rather hidden
Where the daylight cannot see;
A thought too precious to utter;
Shall it wait, Love, in vain for thee?

LOST TO HIM.

BY L. C.

Standing on the village-green at Coombe Lynn, one's eye is attracted by two conspicuous features in the landscape—the one, a palatial pile of gleaming stone cresting the summit of a gentle, richly-wooded acclivity; the other, in strong contrast, but equally attractive to the gaze, a modest, unpretentious homestead, the casement-windows of which peep out from amidst a wild profusion of ivy, woodbine, and roses.

The inhabitants of Coombe Lynn are duly appreciative of the fact that Evelyn Court, the ancient seat of the Evelyn Drummonds, stands within their parish, and boast themselves considerably thereof.

Next to the Court the Cottage ranks in their estimation, for, on the strength of some distant relationship existing between its occupants and the present reigning Drummonds, it bears in their eyes, as it were, a reflected glory from the "big house on the hill." Do they not know as well as the individuals themselves that rarely a day passes that the Colonel or Miss Violet is not at the Court, or poor Lord Evelyn at the Cottage? The village is in a painful state of excitement to-day, for "poor Lord Evelyn" is lying on his bed "sick unto death."

Within the sick man's chamber there is but one watcher—a young girl.

"Violet, it is my last request," says the invalid's weak voice—and its tone is imploring and solemn. "Can you refuse it, when you know I cannot die happily unless it is granted?"

The girl bows her head yet lower; but there is no sound—not even a sob—for a desperate and fearful struggle is going on within her breast, rendering her speechless.

"Violet"—this time the voice is weaker and yet more imploring, and the girl looks up—"listen to me, dear"—and a thin hand is stretched out to reach the girl's trembling one that lies upon the bed. "You know—you must know—full well that I would never have presumed—have dared—to ask of you this had I not been lying on a bed of death—though I have loved you long and dearly, Heaven knows. How could I help it, when your gentleness and sweetness to your ill-shaped, ill-favoured cousin"—he loved to call himself her cousin—"rendered his sad life more than bearable?"

After a pause the sick man continues—

"Forgive me for what I am going to say to you now, dear. Your father I love well; but I know he is thoughtless and careless about many things—I do not speak this in blame—and it has troubled me—oh, how often!—when I have thought of your future. Will you not give me the right—the happiness, dear—to do my little to guard you against some of the trials that may beset you? In pity do not refuse me any longer, Violet! Can you be so cruel as to deprive me of the joy, the unspeakable joy, of calling you wife, though it may not be for longer than a few short minutes?"

"Evelyn"—the girl's voice is very husky—"I must have seemed cruel and unkind to hesitate so long; but—but"—and here, even at such a time, her face flushes hotly—"it does not seem right to consent to be your wife when I—I know I cannot give you all my heart."

"Is your troth given to any one, Violet?" the sick man asks, slowly and with visible effort, and a slight quiver runs through his frame.

"No," is the faint response.

"Then it can do him no wrong. If he loves you, he will but woo you as Violet Drummond in the place of Violet Willoughby. I ask you again—will you be my wife?" The voice is sadder now.

"I will," she replies, with downcast eyes.

"Thank you, dear;" and, tenderly and gravely he draws her to him, and seals the promise with a kiss on her brow. "Send your father to me now—there is no time to be lost;" and Evelyn, the crippled heir of all the Drummonds, sinks wearily back amongst the pillows.

* * * * * * * * *

A week later Violet, very pale, and with a certain bewildered, hopeless look in her eyes, is pacing backwards and forwards in the shady garden at the Cottage. She has been a wife a week now, and Lord Drummond still lingers.

What is it that the doctor has said to her? Has she forgotten? No—the words are burning in her brain now.

"If his lordship passes such another restful night as the past one, I assure your ladyship there is every reason to hope."

Hope! It does not seem to have entered her ladyship's soul yet; for her hands are tightly-clasped, her face is haggard, her eyes are heavy and woeful? She is muttering something—some name which she repeats over and over again monotonously.

"Max—Max—Max!"

This Max is filling the thoughts of this week-old bride. He possesses what her husband never can, the whole devotion of her loving, passionate heart. And it was because the girl was honest that she had faltered out the words, "I know I cannot give you all my heart," even though that heart had not been claimed by the one it had gone out to not wholly unsought.

Lady Drummond is remembering now with a cruel vividness what Max St. John's eyes said to her on that night—scarcely a year ago—when, at a ball given by the officers of the —st, himself one of them, she had first met their admiring gaze—is remembering those happy but terribly brief half-hours that followed, when, on some pretext or other, some shopping that must be done, she would induce her father to let her accompany him on one of his diurnal visits to the neighboring garrison town—half-hours passed in the public library whilst her father played his indispensible game of billiards—precious half-hours! For when, on those occasions, did it not happen that Max St. John's tall form was seen strolling down the street and turning into the library?

She is remembering how, still later—can it be only one short month ago?—his eyes had spoken to her with a yet deeper, tenderer meaning, amply testifying to her beating heart that, if it were not too bright a dream, Max St. John's love was all her own. Then days—fifteen bright glorious days—of sweet, uninterrupted companionship had followed, kind fate having thrown them together as guests in the same house. And hitherto she had been satisfied—amply satisfied—with St. John's mute but eloquent confession of love—but now—

"Is your troth given to any one, Violet?" Oh that she could have answered "Yes."

During this first half-hour that she has had to herself since the day on which her promise was given at Evelyn's bedside she is trying to think it all out—trying to dissipate the heavy gloom that seems closing so quickly around her; but the bare thought of the future has stunned her—the future of the Doctor's *fiat*. And so she only paces backwards and forwards, monotonously muttering the one name, gathering no clear thought from the tangle of her dulled and bewildered brain.

She has reached once more the end of the path, and is wearily turning to retrace her steps, when she sees in the distance the servant crossing the lawn as though in quest of her.

"The Miss Stantons are in the drawing-room, your ladyship," says the servant, when she reaches her mistress's side.

"I hardly feel well enough to see any one, Mary," she announces, passing her hand across her forehead.

"You do look very ill, your ladyship," says Mary. "I wish I hadn't shown them in; but they said they wanted to see you very particularly."

"Very well;" and Violet Drummond makes her way wearily towards the house again.

The Miss Stantons are "gushing" girls, and Violet's next ten minutes are a martyrdom. They are calling her "dear Lady Drummond" for the sixth or seventh time, when a loud summons at the hall-door sounds through the house.

"More visitors for you, dear," says one Miss Stanton; and she and her sister have risen from their chairs, shaken out their dresses, and arranged their panniers before the door opens and Mary announces "Captain St. John."

Violet does not scream or make any other unladylike exhibition of her feelings. She only turns very white, and hastily catches at something, leaving it to the Miss Stantons, who are nearest the door, to welcome the visitor warmly—for they are old acquaintances—while she stands, silently, in the background, trying to recover the breath that seems to have flown from her body.

But he reaches her side at last, and takes her hand in his with the same old thrilling pressure that she knows so well. At that moment the chairs and tables seem to have no abiding place. Good heavens, when the door has closed on the Miss Stantons, what will become of her?

Whilst she is thinking this, Captain St. John has been by those two young ladies, who are both volubly talking to him at the same time.

"Now tell that dear Major," says one, "that I search the post-bag every morning for the promised photograph. It is a debt of honor, tell him, for he has had mine a week. And, Captain St. John, please also tell him that my darling Chin-chin has quite got over the distemper."

Both which commissions Captain St. John promises faithfully to perform while he is saying to himself—

"By George, I'd almost promise to kiss the Major for them, if they'd only clear out and leave me alone with my sweet little Violet!"

After a little more intellectual conversation on the part of the Miss Stantons, they declare that they have stayed "an unconscionable time" and must really go.

"Good-bye, Lady Drummond," they say, both kissing their poor victim with *empressement*. "We trust we may still continue to hear the same good accounts of dear Lord Evelyn. Good-bye, Captain St. John. Good-bye—don't forget!"

The door closes, and Captain St. John and Lady Drummond are alone. He hastily crosses the room to where Violet stands, his brows knit together.

"Miss Willoughby—Violet—what did they mean by calling you Lady Drummond?" And the frown grows darker as he speaks. "Why did you allow them, unreproved, to address you in that foolish way?" He is looking down into her face now, and marks with a sudden undefined dread the woeful change that since last they met has come over the face he loves so well.

"Violet"—his voice is harsh and strained—"what is it? What has changed you so? You will not look at me. Oh, Violet, speak to me—tell me what it is—for I love you—love you so fondly!"

A shiver runs through the girl's frame, though a flush of joy for one moment passes over her face, to leave it more deadly pale than before. Presently she raises her blue eyes slowly to his face, and he, looking into their depths, reads there a tale of heart-broken sorrow and despair. The trembling lips essay to speak, but cannot.

"Violet, you will kill me with this silence. What is this Lord Evelyn to you? Tell me that it was but in jest that they called you by this name?"

The girl looks up blankly into his face, and in a strangely calm and unnatural voice simply answers—

"I am his wife."

"Violet!" exclaims Max St. John, drawing himself away from her side. Violet will never forget the mingled horror and reproach that his voice conveyed.

"Max, have pity on me," she cries, "for I need it!" The pitiful blue eyes seek his imploringly, but he turns away and answers coldly—

"I think, Lady Drummond, I am scarcely the right one to apply to for that now," with a bitter stress on her name.

Lady Drummond closes her eyes and compresses her lips tightly for one moment.

"I fear my visit has been an ill-timed one, Lady Drummond," continues the cruel voice, "but I confess I was hardly prepared for the changes a few weeks appear to have worked." And then, in an altered tone, he cries passionately, "Heaven forgive you for having led me to hope that I might win from you what was no longer yours to give!" and takes a step towards the door. But a little hand is laid on his arm, and a white pleading face looks into his.

"Max, you must not, shall not leave me like this! Listen to me before you condemn me." And then in quick hurried tones, she relates to him the events of the last week. As she proceeds he takes her hand, and as she concludes the last few touching words—"Now, Max, you know all. Do you blame me? The way is very dark before me—oh, do not make it darker!"—she is drawn gently to Max St. John's side, and, with a long quivering sigh, the girl's weary head sinks restfully down on his shoulder.

But it does not rest there long; it is quickly raised and withdrawn.

"I am his wife, Max," she says—"help me to do what is right;" and she looks up so trustfully and confidingly that a full and bitter sense of what he has lost comes to him, and with a groan his arms drop heavily by his side.

"Violet, Violet, what have I not lost!" he cries. "Oh, if I had but spoken the words that trembled on my lips so often during those happy days when we were together a month ago! But I delayed in the hope that promotion, which I had every reason to expect was near, might give me a better chance of success with your father. I was gazetted yesterday—what is the good of it to me now?"

"Oh, Max, if you had but spoken!" she cannot help murmurring, but she is sorry for it a moment afterwards, for Max St. John once more catches her in his arms, declaring passionately that by no right, human or divine, is she Evelyn Drummond's wife—but his, only his.

"Oh, hush, hush!" she cries, trying vainly to break away from his arms. "Max, I cannot bear any more. If you love me, you will leave me.

"Forgive me, Violet," he murmurs, releasing her.

"I do," she says, "but you must not stay here any longer;" and her eyes proclaim the agony she is enduring. "Bid me good-bye, Max—and quickly."

He does not take her in his arms again; but, lowering his head, he presses one passionate, lingering kiss on her brow, and, with a long look into her eyes, turns slowly and leaves the room.

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A month has passed. There is a hot scorching August sun pouring down on the gay parterres of the Court; but it has not penetrated into the dark cool library where sits, propped up with pillows, "poor Lord Evelyn."

He is still very weak, but out of any present danger. He is alone, but his eyes turn anxiously and wistfully towards the door, as though expecting some one to enter. He starts, and the blood rushes wildly to his face, when the door at last opens.

"Her ladyship has just arrived," the manservant announces. "She desired me to ask if she should come to you here."

"No, no; I will go to her. Does she look very ill, Rolls?"

"Well, yes, your lordship, her ladyship does look very changed."

"Give me your arm, Rolls—quick!" But just then there is a low tap at the door, and Violet Drummond, or rather her shadow, glides into the room.

"Leave the room, Rolls," is his master's sharp command; and then the poor crippled figure makes a painful effort to rise to greet his bride. But she is quickly by his side, and, laying her hand on his arm, bids him not to stir.

The pillows have, however, become disarranged with his efforts, and Violet leans over, and with gentle, womanly hands replaces them, he the while regarding her with wondering, reverential eyes.

"Then you do not hate me, Violet?" he asks at last, as if the possibility were still beyond belief.

"Hate you?" answers the sweet voice. "No, Evelyn, no!"

"And you forgive me, and believe," he begins eagerly, still incredulous.

"I believe all that you did was for my good," breaks in her gentle voice. "But do not let us talk about what is past, dear; my only wish for the future is to make you a good and faithful wife."

"You are an angel, Violet," he murmurs, kissing reverentially the hand that lies passively in his; but a sharp spasm of pain passes across his face as he does so, for "goodness" and "fidelity" are not all he wants.

The hand is withdrawn rather hastily from his grasp; and Violet, in a faint and weary voice, says she thinks she will sit down, for she is very tired.

"What a brute I have been!" he exclaims, looking up suddenly, and perceiving how pale and wan the lovely face has grown. He makes another fruitless endeavor to rise from his chair, but she, with a miserable attempt at a smile, motions him back with her hand, and sinks into a chair that stands near. He leans forward eagerly, and gazes upon his bride's face with deep and sad concern.

"They told me I should find you changed Violet; but I never guessed how changed. They would not even tell me you were ill, until they saw *how I fretted for a sight of you*—fretted the more, Violet, because I thought you could come, but would not. I see how ill you must have been. Oh, Violet, Violet," is his bitter cry, as his head falls forward between his hands, "what have I done—what have I done? Why did I not die?" And a great sob breaks from him.

"Hush, Evelyn!" is Violet's soothing whisper, as she kneels by his side and lays her hand tenderly on the bowed head. "For my sake look up, dear; I shall soon be quite strong again now," she continues, cheerfully, ignoring the hidden meaning conveyed in Evelyn's last sentences—"strong enough to wheel your chair about the garden, when you are recovered enough to venture out;" and she smiles the same little pitiful smile again.

Evelyn regards her as he would a saint.

Lady Drummond has herself been an invalid since taking her sad farewell of St. John. Twelve hours later she was raving in delirium, and for many days lay in a very critical state, while the doctors gravely shook their heads; but she struggled back to life again—to the life that had grown such a grievous burden to her, but in which she intends to do her duty bravely.

One day, when the delirium had left her, and she lay on her bed weak and helpless as a child, her father came to her and told her little bits of news that he thought might interest her.

"Only think," he said, "that young St. John—you remember him—has exchanged with MacPherson, who was gazetted for India, and sailed yesterday. *Chacun a son goût.* I rather liked the young fellow—and he could make a first-rate stroke at billiards. But I mustn't chatter any more, my dear; I see you are worn out. Ta, ta!"

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Before September has passed the doctors have met in consultation, and decreed that their noble patient, Lord Drummond, must not, on any account, pass the winter in England. His lordship is rebellious at first, for, if he leaves the Court—his well-loved home—shall he return to it again?

But presently he is as impatient to depart as he has hitherto been averse to do so, and this through the instrumentality of the attached and faithful Rolls, who has been Lord Drummond's attendant since his boyhood.

"Stratagems are allowable in love and war," Rolls reasons, "and why not in the important matter of prolonging my poor master's life?"

The result of this reasoning is that Rolls observes to his master one morning, whilst he is wheeling him about in the sun, and Violet's figure is seen in the distance returning to the house, that "Her ladyship doesn't seem to get up her strength much."

"You don't think she looks worse again, do you, Rolls?" is the anxious inquiry; and Lord Drummond starts forward, and looks at his servant with a face full of alarm.

"Not worse, sir, perhaps," answers Rolls, stroking his chin, as if he were considering the matter deeply; "but I fancy she ought to look more herself again by this time."

"She never complains," says Lord Drummond, thoughtfully, and half to himself.

"She isn't one of that sort, your lordship," remarks Rolls, who is a devoted admirer of his young mistress.

"You're right, Rolls—you're *right*!" returns his master, half sadly.

"What she wants, sir, I should say—asking your pardon for being so bold—is a little bit of change. You see she has never been able to get that since she was knocked down with the fever. I mayn't be right"—this with hypocritical humbleness—"but I can't help thinking that's what she wants." And Rolls, with the satisfactory assurance that he has fired the train, resumes his occupation of wheeling his master's chair.

What Rolls has begun, the doctors finish; for when, on their next visit, they are questioned anxiously as to whether they can give a reason for her ladyship's recovery being so retarded, they—perfectly prepared by Rolls—reply that they fear it has a great deal to do with the nerves; but, if his lordship has decided on going abroad for a time, they are quite sure change of scene and air will instantly work a beneficial effect. Thus it follows that in the first week of October Lord and Lady Drummond and suite are on their way to Malta.

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Lord Drummond lingers on during the two following years. He never regains his old strength and comparative good health. But what might otherwise have been a weary fading away, is rendered, by the constant presence and untiring devotion of his sweet young wife, the happiest portion of poor Lord Evelyn's life. He dies at last, begging her forgiveness once more for having so cruelly sacrificed her happiness by his selfishness, and blessing her for her loving and gentle care of one who has done her so great a wrong.

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Nine months after her husband's death Lady Drummond is still in Malta, but she is on the eve of returning once more to England. A serious illness, occasioned principally by unwearying attention to her invalid husband, has detained her abroad so long; but she is strong again now, and anxious to be once more amongst her friends.

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The P. & O. steamer Nubia has taken in her complement of mails and passengers at Malta, cast off from the buoy, and is once more steaming away on her homeward-bound course. The moon looks down from a serene and cloudless sky, whilst her path on the waters is barely ruffled by the tiny wavelets. St. Elmo's light is passed, and Gozo lies abreast.

By this time the quarter-deck is well-nigh rid of her motley throng, and only a few couples, linked arm-in-arm, still pace to and fro in the moonlight, talking perhaps of England and the dear ones there, while here and there a solitary figure may be seen sitting apart, glad of the stillness and solemnity of the night to think out their sad or happy thoughts.

Presently a black-robed figure mounts the companion-stairs, and, gliding across the deck, adds one more to the number of lonely dreamers. This one's eyes turn sadly back to the land that has all but disappeared from sight, and linger there a while, but not for long. Soon a tender far-away expression creeps into their depths, and, forgetting the land that is so near, they strain over the waste of waters to a still more distant beyond. And the gazer's heart's question is this—"Has he forgotten?"

Whilst this heart's question is still unanswered, one arm-linked couple pass slowly by.

"I think, Max dear, I will go down now—it is getting chilly," the lady is saying.

The dreamer starts and turns quickly. The gentleman's face is turned towards her as he carefully draws his companion's shawl more closely round her shoulders.

A smothered cry, and then Violet Drummond's eyes follow with painful fixedness the two retreating figures, till the lady has disappeared down the companion-stairs, and the gentleman begins slowly to retrace his steps in her direction. With a low moan of "He has forgotten!" Violet turns her face back to the sea.

On and on come the footsteps, and her heart beats furiously—for surely they seem to linger as they pass her. But they do not pause; and Max St. John takes up his station at some distance away, and leans meditatively over the taffrail. He little guesses, as he stands there, what furtive, lusty glances are cast in his direction. Oh, how sad is the heart that but a short while ago was revelling in joyful imaginings!

At the end of about ten minutes Major St. John with a quick impatient sigh—which Violet does not hear—concludes his meditation, and, straightening his tall figure, thrusts his hands into his pockets and recommences his perambulation. He quickens his pace as he perceives Violet's black-robed figure crouching on one of the seats, and, approaching her side, says, kindly and politely—

"Are you not afraid of taking cold, Miss Bowen? I really think it is hardly safe for you to be sitting down."

Miss Bowen has been a fellow-passenger of Max St. John's all the way from Bombay; and he remembers that she has been the only one attired in such deep mourning—so he addresses her without hesitation, and without suspicion of there being a chance of mistake. The face that turns round and looks up at his is not Miss Bowen's.

"Great Heavens! Violet!" he exclaims, and starts back as though he had been struck. The next instant he is by her side again, feasting his hungry eyes on the pale, agitated face before him; and then he draws himself up suddenly and asks constrainedly—

"Are you alone"—"Yes," is the low reply.

"Lord Drummond then—" He cannot proceed.

"Is dead," Violet supplements, in the same low tone.

"Violet" and this time the cry is half a question.

She lets him take her hand, but, until he has answered her one question in return, she cannot respond to the pleading cry—dares not call this great unspeakable happiness her own.

"Max, I saw you just now with a lady—I heard her call you 'dear Max.' Oh, tell me what it means!" she falters breathlessly.

"You were sitting here then, and I did not know it!" he exclaims. "To think that you were near me, and I not to feel your presence!" is his passionate murmur.

"But, Max, you have not answered me," she persists, drawing away her hand. "What is she to you that she calls you 'dear Max?'"

"Only my sister, Violet. What! Was my darling jealous?" he asks, playfully. "Then she must love me," he whispers. But, seeing the tremulous joy that has stolen over her face, he continues gravely, but with infinite tenderness, "Believe this, dear, that no one but Violet Willoughby ever had power to move my heart—and it still rests with Violet Drummond alone to mar or make its happiness. Which will she do?

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Amongst the Nubia's freight of hearts, two after that night are very light. And, as Max St. John paces the deck on the moonlit nights that follow, he looks down on the sweet face by his side—not his sister's—and rejoices with a deep thankfulness that it is no longer "LOST TO HIM."

XENOPHON relates that when an Armenian Prince had been taken captive with his Princess by Cyrus, and was asked what he would give to be restored to his kingdom, he replied: "As for my kingdom and liberty, I value them not; but if my blood would redeem my Princess, I would cheerfully give it for her." When Cyrus had liberated them both, the Princess was asked what she thought of Cyrus, "I did not see him," she said, "I noticed only him who offered to die for me."

KISHING A JURY.

BY T. S. W.

"Ah," said the sub-sheriff, "the times have changed since I first knew this place. It is just thirty-five years ago since I stopped here with a kished jury."

I was returning wet and weary after a day's rather unsuccessful trout fishing, when I met my friend the sheriff; a seat on his car was quickly accepted, and our passage through the little village of Foulkes' Mills, in the county of Wexford, caused the observation.

"A kished jury!" I exclaimed. "What on earth is that?"

"Well, you see," replied my friend, "the old law was that in case a jury would not agree, the assistant barrister at sessions, or judge at assizes could order the jury to be taken to the next town in which the sessions were held, or to the confines of the county and there discharge them. The practice here was—I'm not sure whether it was quite legal or not—to put the jurors into turf kishes or creels, and discharge them by tilting the car up."

"But you don't mean to say such a thing was ever done in your time?"

"Egad, I do. As I told you, it was the first year I filled the office of sheriff, thirty-five years ago. There was a trial for a riot at the Ross sessions, and as it all arose out of an election squabble, party feeling ran very high. As might be expected, the jury disagreed, and old Moore, the assistant barrister, who thought the evidence quite strong enough against the prisoner, was almost beside himself with rage at the idea of his getting off. He went over the strong points in the evidence; he bullied them; but it was no use—they would not agree. He then locked them up all night; but in the morning they were no nearer a verdict. He then declared he would take them to Wexford that day, and ordered me to provide jaunting cars, and to produce the jury and prisoner before him that evening in Wexford. But here the jury made a row; they said they did not mind going to Wexford, but they did mind the forms of the law, and that as the old and legal way was to go in turf kishes on farmer's carts, they would go by no other conveyance. The foreman told the magistrates that if he was sent in any other thing than a kish he would bring an action against them. When it came to this point I think Moore would have liked to be able to discharge them quietly, but as he made the order he was too proud to alter it; so he told me to take them in kishes.

"Now of course I wasn't going to take a jury and prisoner twenty Irish miles through a wild country without a good escort, and as it happened that a troop of the 10th Hussars was quartered in the town, I ordered them out. The jurors objected to having more than two in each kish. The prisoner—he was Peter Murphy's father, and was one of the best-off men in Ross, and one of the great leaders of the Repealers—brought his own gig, so we made a pretty fine show. First came the six country carts, each with a turf creel containing two jurors, then came the prisoner and myself in the gig—the vehicles being surrounded by thirty or forty Hussars with drawn swords, and followed by the greater part of the population of Ross, waving green boughs and yelling like so many wild Indians.

"The journey was the greatest fun you can imagine. When we got rid of the crowd, several of the jury sang capital songs, and the foreman managed to pick up a wandering piper, who played jigs and hornpipes for some who danced. And, by Jove! *well they did dance, too*, though they had only the floor of the car, for the kish prevented them falling off.

"In this style and full of devilment we came into Foulke's Mill's here. We had sent on a messenger to order dinner at Mrs. Roche's, so we we found everything ready for us. But, egad! by this time I was in a funk about the state my jury would be in by the time they reached Wexford, for many of them were half-drunk already. I insisted that each man be limited to four tumblers of punch. They all promised readily enough, but I found that when the four tumblers had been despatched, that it did not prevent them proceeding to mix a fifth, and I made up my mind to having a rasping fine inflicted on me by old Moore. Still the dinner was worth the price. Sir Charles Clifton, the captain of the Hussars, took the chair, and the prisoner the vice, and well they filled them. Songs and stories never flagged; and six o'clock, the hour at which I had been ordered to produce the jury in Wexford, found them all very drunk; four of them were dancing a reel at the lower end of the room, while the foreman and one of the hussar officers whistled, and the captain and prisoner were playing beggar-my-neighbor at the other end, to see who should pay for the dinner. At last I got them on the road again, but it was two o'clock in the morning when we entered Wexford, and drew up before Moore's lodgings. The jurors were quiet enough now, as they were all drunk and asleep in the kishes. I backed the cars in a line opposite the door. The escort was drawn up behind, and the prisoner was carefully supported by two policemen, who happened to be patrolling. It was very dark and bitterly cold, so I hoped Moore might not perceive the state of the party. I went up and knocked at his bedroom door in great trepidation.

"'Who's there? What's all this row about?' roared Moore.

"'It's me, your worship; I have brought the jury and prisoner,' I replied.

"'And what the deuce delayed you till this hour, sir?'

"'Bad roads and the breaking down of the cars, your worship.'

"'You must keep them till morning. I can't get up now,' he growled.

"'Oh, your worship,' said I, 'I have no place to keep them. They are half dead already with fatigue and want of food. If you detain them much longer something serious will happen.' Just then I heard the prisoner making a desperate attempt to sing 'The Young May Moon,' but the police managed to stop him.

"After considerable delay Moore made his appearance in his dressing-gown and slippers, and came grumbling down stairs to the door. The escort saluted, and I hurried to the foreman's side.

"'Do the jury answer to their names, sheriff?' said Moore, peering into the darkness, and shivering as the frosty air played with the folds of his dressing-gown.

"'Oh, yes, your worship,' said I, holding down the foreman, who had awakened, and wished to make a speech from the car.

"'Well, gentlemen, have you agreed to your verdict?'

"'The foreman says they can't agree, your worship,' I answered, holding my hand over the said foreman's mouth.

"'Why does he not speak out,' roared Moore, angrily.

"'He has become hoarse from the cold, your worship,' I replied.

"'I don't wonder; it has almost given me my death. Discharge the jury and prisoner too,' said Moore, banging the door and rushing back to bed.

"The cars were tilted up and their burthens shot out on the street, and telling the police to look after them, I hurried off to bed. That was the last time a jury was ever kished in this county."

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

INDELLIBLE INK FOR CLOTH.—Take one inch of a stick of nitrate of silver and dissolve it in a little water, and then stir it into a gallon of water.

WHITEWASH FOR A SMOKED CEILING.—For the first coat mix to every two quarts of whitewash one cup of fine sifted ashes. This will prevent the smoke from striking through. After this another coat may be put on in the ordinary way.

WHITE KID GLOVES.—Cream of tartar rubbed upon soiled white kid gloves cleanses them well.

TREATMENT OF THE HANDS.—Rub the palms of the hands thoroughly with coolgen just before putting on kid gloves, to keep them form perspiring.

LEMON TARTLETS.—Rub a teacupful of sugar over the rind of a fresh lemon, so as to absorb all the essential oil; squeeze the juice of the lemon over the sugar; crush fine with a sponge; add two eggs well beaten, and two tablespoonsful sweet butter; beat all together, and bake in little pans, lined with puff paste.

TO TELL GOOD FROM BAD EGGS.—Put them in water enough to cover them. All that lay flat, as they would out of water on smooth surface, are good; those of which the big ends rise are bad. The vessel used should have a smooth, level bottom.

TO BOIL A HAM.—Let it boil slowly for the whole of an afternoon and then let it remain in its liquor over night. Hams thus boiled are far more tender, juicy and sweet than when boiled a shorter time and at once removed from the water.

TO DEVIL HAM.—Cut up fried ham in small bits not larger than peas. Add tomato catsup, a teaspoonful of whiskey, one of Worcester sauce and a small quantity of flour-water—then heat to boiling. It is just an appetizing delicacy for these warm days.

KALYDOR FOR THE COMPLEXION.—Of blanched bitter almonds, take one part; rose-water, sixteen parts. Mix and strain; then add five grains of bichloride of mercury to every eight-ounce bottle of the mixture, and scent with rose or violet.

TO CLEAN RIBBONS.—Take one tablespoonful of brandy, one of soft-soap, and one of molasses. Mix thoroughly together; place the ribbon upon a smooth board, and apply the mixture with a soft brush; after which rinse in cold water, and roll up in a cloth until dry. Iron with a flat-iron, not too hot.

TO REMOVE GREASE SPOTS.—Magnesia will effectually remove grease spots from silk on rubbing it in well; and, after standing a while, apply a piece of soft, brown paper to the wrong side, on which press a warm iron gently; and, what grease is not absorbed by the paper, can be removed by washing the spot carefully with warm water.

TO STOP THE HAIR FROM FALLING OUT.—Use the following pomatum, once every other day, rubbing it thoroughly into the roots; Oil of ben, one ounce; paraffine, one ounce; tannin, ten grains; oil of capsicum, ten drops; melt them together over a gentle fire until they are thoroughly united; then pour into a pomade jar, or some suitable vessel and set away to cool. In warm weather it may be necessary to add a little more of the paraffine; in cold, a little more of the oil of ben, to make it the right consistency to use.

ERUPTIONS ON THE FACE.—Dissolve an ounce of borax in a quart of water, and apply this with a fine sponge every evening before going to bed. This will smooth the skin when the eruptions do not proceed from an insect working under the cuticle. Many persons' faces are disfigured by red eruptions caused by a small creature working under the skin. A very excellent remedy is to take the flower of sulphur and rub it on the face dry, after washing it in the morning. Rub it well with the fingers, and then wipe it off with a dry towel. There are many who are not a little ashamed of their faces, who can be cured if they follow these directions.

A WASHING FLUID.—A correspondent of the Germantown *Telegraph* says, to make good washing fluid, take one-third ounce gum camphor dissolved in one-half of alcohol; also one-third pound of borax and one half-pound sal soda, and dissolve in one gallon hot rain rain water, and the fluid is ready; after stirring all the ingredients together add one gallon of cold rain water before adding the gum camphor and alcohol. In using add about four tablespoonsful to a pint of soft soap, apply to the parts of clothing most soiled, and soak in warm water an hour, or while doing up the breakfast dishes; then proceed with your washing as usual, not boiling over five minutes.

It takes but one trial to show the purity and merit of Dobbins' Electric Soap, (made by Cragin & Co., Philadelphia.) For your own interest give it that one trial. All grocers keep it.

Gouraud's Vegetable Rouge, 50 Cts

PER BOTTLE.—The desire of a brilliant coloring matter for pale cheeks and lips, has long been felt by those ladies who are wanting in natural rosiness, and DR. F. GOURAUD'S magnificent preparation of *Liquid Rouge* is admirably designed to supply the deficiency. The *common rouges*, from their unctious nature, cannot be expected to do otherwise than *catch* and *retain* the dust and other floating matter with which the air is usually loaded—and especially so, if the weather is very warm. Independent of this, they are objectionable also, from the fact that a handkerchief cannot be brought into contact with the cheek or lip which has been thus *bemeared*, without removing a portion of the artificial color! GOURAUD'S *Liquid Rouge*, on the contrary, has all the permanence of a stain and *cannot be disturbed by the most violent friction*. It contains nothing unctious; and the rich roseate hue it imparts to the cheek is such an exact imitation of *nature*, that the closest scrutiny will fail to detect that the coloring is artificial. Be particular to bear in mind, that DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S only depot is at No. 48 BOND STREET, (late 453 BROADWAY,) New York. 50 cents a bottle. GOURAUD'S LILY WHITE, 35 CENTS A BOX. This delightful compound is intended to supplant the noxious articles which have been heretofore used by ladies for whitening cuticle, such as prepared chalk, Paris white, plaster of Paris, &c. Unlike the pernicious and *unnatural* whites adverted to, GOURAUD'S LILY WHITE gives a delicious softness, smoothness, brilliance, and perfectly life-like whiteness to the complexion. When used after the skin has been thoroughly washed with GOURAUD'S *Italian Medicated Soap*, the effect is luxurious and delightful in the extreme. It is also very valuable for gentlemen with tender skins and stiff beards—as it completely allays the irritation consequent on shaving. Mothers should also use it on their babies, as it is much superior to common powders for that purpose. 35 cents a box; 50 cents a cake.

DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY

is NO PATENT MEDICINE HUMBUG, got up to dupe the ignorant and credulous, nor is it represented as being "composed of rare and precious substances brought from the four corners of the earth, carried seven times across the Great Desert of Sahara on the backs of fourteen camels, and brought across the Atlantic Ocean on two ships." It is a simple, mild, soothing remedy, a perfect Specific for CATARRH and "COLD IN THE HEAD;" also for Offensive Breath, Loss or Impairment of the Senses of Smell, Taste, or Hearing, Watery or Weak Eyes, Pain or Pressure in the Head, when caused, as they all not unfrequently are, by the violence of Catarrh.

KEEP YOUR OWN COUNSEL.—Nothing can be more injurious to your peace of mind than to have too many confidants. You live in abject slavery every day, as you are constantly fearing that some one of your numerous confidants will reveal a secret you would not have anybody know for all the world.

A LITTLE girl was asked what was the meaning of the word happy. She gave a very pretty answer, saying: "It is to feel as if you wanted to give up all your things to your little sister."

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
1821
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1871

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Saturday Evening, August 12, 1876.

NOTICE TO EXCHANGES.

Each number of the SATURDAY EVENING POST *is duly copyrighted, but all are welcome to freely republish any articles in its columns, provided that due credit be given to this paper.*

ANOTHER IMPROVEMENT.

The new type on which the present number of the Post is printed, adding so much to the attractiveness of the paper, is one of those improvements which speak for themselves. We call attention to it as an additional evidence that the publishers will spare no pains or expense to keep this paper in the front place it has so long held. Judging from the pleasant words already given by many readers, and the increasing lists of subscribers received, these efforts are fully appreciated. We repeat the request that if the paper gives pleasure, you will speak a good word for it to your friends and neighbors, and thus continue to aid us in increasing its value.

"HE WORKS FOR A LIVING."

ENTERING the drawing-room of a sea-side resort recently, we overheard the following remark from a pretty young lady standing near:

"Receive an introduction from *him!* No, I thank you. Why, he's only a farmer, brown as a berry, and *works* for a living!"

Little did she imagine, when she thought to cast a slur on the sun-brown face and hardened hand of the tiller of the soil, that some of earth's deepest philosophers, her sublimest poets, and ablest statesmen are often her daily laborers. No man can be ultimately successful, whatever his avocation, unless he works—works hard, and centers upon his labor his noblest affections. To secure genuine success, one must seek it, not in the gilded halls of genius, but in the open field of persevering industry. The stately ship, that bounds o'er the deep and green waves of the sea, bringing nations into closer communion and enriching commerce with its vast cargoes, sprang from the hand of persevering labor. Science bowed at the shrine of industry, to pay a tribute there, when the first thrill shot o'er the telegraphic wire, and told the world that electricity could converse. The beautiful cities that grace the lap of earth; the splendid bridges that span her mighty streams; the palatial barks that float upon her lakes and seas, are not the effects of luck, or chance, but the noble monuments of zealous labor. But some say: "We would be somebody; we would do some great work, if we only had the chance." The fact is, men want too many chances presented ere they grasp one. They think to "put a belt about the globe in forty minutes," and then rail at "luck," because the belt isn't long enough. There are many chances, if we would but seize them. Examples of greatness and goodness before us bid us *work*, and the changing present offers ample opportunity. What has hitherto given prosperity and distinction has not been more open to others than to us. Let the past speak for itself, and let the present and future outshine the past, for there is no effort of science, which may not be exceeded; no depth of philosophy, that may not be more deeply sounded; no flight of imagination, that may not be surpassed.

STOP THAT HOWL.

"Hard times." Yes, everybody says so, and that is one very aggravating cause of the hardness. When cholera is prevalent, everybody is troubled with sympathetic summer complaints. When a community becomes excited over a well authenticated ghost story, then apparitions multiply; phantoms long since banished by the power of sturdy unbelief hear the stir above ground, and stalk forth to assert the power of their nothingness. And so with goose-like gregariousness and sheep-hearted simplicity the great multitude eagerly and continually huddle into one way of thinking, following the lead of the prominent few. Thousands of men with regular incomes are to-day joining the general chorus and bewailing the "shocking hard times," while their undiminished dollars are nearly doubled in buying capacity. Their hypocritical whine swells the doleful chorus and adds much to its disheartening influence.

If men must lie, it would at least be better to do so for a good purpose and in a beneficial way. If the very large class who are in no way incommoded by the acknowledged financial difficulties of the country would lead off in a cheerful strain full of confidence for the future, it would go far to restore that confidence. We shall all go on floundering in darkness as long as we refuse to believe in light ahead. It is certain that we shall all need food, clothing and comforts, and that we shall not be content without the luxuries of life. The world will not be out of business as long as these are to be furnished. Every man who stops working because he fears there will be no future demand for his wares, helps to keep up hard times, for he is putting it out of his power to buy from others. Let us take counsel of our hopes; fears have had their way long enough. Stop crying; begin to shout and drive away this paralyzing nightmare.

WHO IS A GENTLEMAN?

We should judge a man by what he is, and not by what he assumes to be. True gentility is essentially an internal and not a mere outward manifestation, and depends neither on muscle nor on money. A man may be apparelled in garments of irreproachable quality and fit; boots of surpassing smallness and symmetry; his vest radiant with chains, and his head covered with ambrosial locks, dispensing clouds of "Phalon's Last Extract," and yet be destitute of that nice sensibility and perception of the amenities of life, which betoken the true gentleman. Analyze him, and the result is a compound of selfishness, vanity and pride. The world is his Elysium; he grasps at tinsel, mistaking it for gold, and esteems the glare of ball-room lights, rather than the golden sunshine of Heaven. As we see him, bowing and fawning, or lisping and prattling; uttering platitudes of mawkish sentiment or poverty-stricken poetry, who does not blush to think him a man!

The true gentleman regards neither feathers nor finish as the real index of character, but, piercing through these, seeks the secret springs and incentives of the heart. Though his garb be rough and his face furrowed with care, yet, in the clear depths of his honest eye, we read a volume of tender sympathies and kindly wishes. The widow's tears, the orphan's thanks are sweeter to him than the gloss and glitter of a sensual world. His purity irradiates the moral atmosphere around him, and makes his mere presence a blessing. The eye sees but to love him, and life with him is a reality and beneficence an active principle.

LET US THINK.

The importance of the precept "know thyself" no one will deny, but there can be no accurate self knowledge, independent of an insight into the living, acting, eternal powers of the mind. Knowledge has been termed the "connecting link between humanity and divinity." Knowledge is the vestal that has kept ever burning the sacred fires of the past; knowledge is the power that has reared the bulwarks of the present, and "knowledge is the wing whereby we fly to Heaven." Ignorance may boast the insignia of wealth; it may be quickened with the glow of fancy, but knowledge graces with a wealth whose lustre never is tarnished; with words whose accents never are silent; with charms, whose purity never fade away. It elevates the thoughts, purifies the feelings, exalts the actions, and thus adds golden links to the chain of life, for we live, not in years, but in thoughts, in feelings and in deeds. He, therefore, lives most who thinks the most, feels the noblest, acts the best. To become learned, one must think. It is thought that marks the depth of mind; thought that regulates the nobleness of soul; thought that opens the germs of truth, and thought that makes the man.

Song for Church Fairs—"Sweet, buy and buy."

Was the Centennial designed for catch-in-nations?

Wanted—A full set of new adjectives and interjections for use at the Centennial Exhibition.

Watermelons are selling at fifteen cents apiece, and still the Eastern question remains unsettled.

The fortunes that are being made at the Exhibition grounds are like old maids' marriages—soothingly seldom.

A young married lady on Arch street threatens to get a divorce from her husband because, while out West recently, he wrote her seven pages from Chicago, and never said a word about Sitting Bull.

A Green street young lady says that nothing makes her take such a despondent view of life as for a cockroach to skirmish over her back just as a handsome admirer is beginning to "see if he can squeeze her hand without hurting her."

"Well, son, how old are you?" asked a teacher in one of the public schools, as a "new boy" made his appearance.

"'Leven," replied the young aristocrat, "my father was three years in the army, and if it hadn't been for that, I'd be fourteen."

"How much do you want?" asked a tall Westerner, after he had eaten dinner at one of the Centennial restaurants.

"One dollar and a half," replied the cashier.

"Dollar'n er half! Then, me and you can't trade," was the reply, as he replaced his pocketbook and galloped out.

At eighteen, a young lady will visit Cape May twenty-five times during one season, and then kick over the washstand because she can't go the twenty-sixth; at forty, the same individual, if still unmarried, will sit out on the back porch and shell beans, and abuse her young nieces for "gallivantin' off to the seashore just to eat wormy huckleberries and wish they were at home."

KISSING BY THE MILL.

BY JAMES ELBERT POWELL.

I'm sitting on the old stone steps,
Where, years and years ago,
We pledged the fealty of love,
Its measured woe and woe;
And mem'ry, rippling through the years,
Brings back those day-dreams still—
I dream, as in the olden time,
You kissed me by the mill.

Ah! those were golden days, sweetheart,
And those were golden dreams;
How weird the days are now to me,
How blank the future seems.
How like an unskilled craft at sea
My life is: love is still—
No idle wandering through the mead,
No kissing by the mill.

We trifled with the tasseled corn,
And loitered by the way,
Till lengthened shadows on the sward
Bespoke the waning day.
The tall pines glistened in the moon,
Like spectres, on the hill—
And love's sweet passion blessed us, when
You kissed me by the mill.

My hair is silvered now with gray,
My step is slow and weak,
And furrows struggle o'er my brow,
And linger on my cheek.
My voice has lost its mellow flow,
And thine, sweetheart, is still,
But mem'ry's warmth still wets the lips,
You first kissed by the mill.

Soon, oh, how soon we'll meet again,
And, meeting, part no more,
And pledge anew the vows of love
On life's eternal shore.
Thanks, for the gleams of golden light,
That all that new life fill—
Each day will be as fair, as bright,
As that one by the mill.

AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

Never did bluer, clearer skies bend, nor fresher airs stir the weary "leaf-banners" of ripe midsummer foliage, than on the morning of our latest visit to our Enchanted Realm, known to the prosaic world as the "Exhibition Grounds."

It was hard to do more than wander outside among its picturesque and varied buildings, meeting here a trio of sauntering Turks with their bright-lined apparel, making a fine "point" of color in the landscape; or passing a group of lively, chatty, Frenchmen, all gesture and excitement—a fine contrast to the quiet, slow-moving Chinaman, with his flowing garment of cream-colored or pale blue crepe, his long, well-braided cue (shall we call it?) his round, black silk cap, set upon the top of his clean-shaven head. Evidently this latter gentlemen is of a high rank; for note the high-bred ease with which he furls and unfurls his pretty fan held between long delicate fingers. Mark the long salaam of a brother oriental, of less degree, who meets him; and who is clothed in a loose blue paint blouse, and pagoda hat. And there goes a Tyrolean, with his peaked hat of dark green felt, girded with a silver cord, and bravely decked with a cluster of cock's feathers on the left side. He turns into the

SWEDISH SCHOOL-HOUSE,

being, evidently, of a scholastic turn of mind.

This causes us to recall the fact, that besides an admiring glance or two at the outside of that very pleasing structure, we had as yet seen no more of it. Accordingly we follow our Bohemian and find within a private room for the teacher, and the general school-room.

The desks and chairs of the latter, are made of one size; being adaptable for children of different ages, by the manipulation of a foot-board or rest, which can be raised or lowered at will.

The very perfection of neatness, and pleasing order has been attained in the disposition of the various sections of each desk. The ink bottle, well-secured from upsetting when the restless little feet must kick an impatient little tattoo to be gone; or the fidgety arms lean every where, but where they should.

The book-rest is so designed, that the pupil may not be wearied by holding the volume, and the place for the slate prevents its sliding off the smooth varnished top of the desk.

The Teachers' desk is elevated, and a comfortable chair provided to accompany it.

The system of object teaching, which has become so widely disseminated and so generally adopted of late days, seems always to have been pursued in Sweden.

There are charts and collected specimens of mosses, plants, etc., clearly labelled to aid the botanical student; while building blocks smooth the rugged path of the young mathematician.

Small cabinets of minerals, and cases of birds and insects, aid in the departments, whose theories they embody.

The map-system is ingenious, and will readily commend itself to teachers. The outline of the country is drawn upon a large black-board, while the cities and towns are indicated by holes—blocks to fit these holes, attached to small pins, and having the name also of the city on them, are ranged in rows, down the sides of the black-board. The pupil is required to place them properly, which certainly must tend to fixing the name and position in his mind.

Music, chiefly singing in class, and gymnastics, are in the regular course for both sexes, while the girls are wisely instructed in household duties.

Education being compulsory, all who are mentally capable of receiving instruction, have these opportunities.

We are much indebted to those having this interesting building in charge, for courtesy in giving information. The size of the building is said to be twice as great as the one exhibited in Vienna, which was built pretty much in the same shape, and of the native pine, varnished.

Passing by the Art Gallery, we are struck by a fine group in bronze of a

WOUNDED LIONESS,

The expression of agony in her fixed and glazing eye, the wrinkles of suffering on the forehead, are painfully real. Even in her death agony, the strong mother love triumphs over brute passions, for she seems trying to turn her head to caress her two cubs, who climb upon her wounded side, where the great arrow remains imbedded, unprovoked by the added agony that their movements must cause her. Her royal mate stands beside her, voiceless with rage and grief over her hurt. His grim front, with the powerful mane uprising, threatening vengeance more terrible than when his roar resounding caused the listening creatures, brute or human, to quake with a nameless terror. Leaving the attractions of the *out*-door regions, we turn to our favorite Main Building. The tones of Schubert's "Ave Maria," under the touch of a masterly hand, rise and fall in lingering pathos through the misty arches of the great building. Certainly there is no other instrument so capable of expressing the full language of that mystic religion, which men call music, as the organ. The violin may be likened to a voice, but the organ tones, under the master's hand, are as the sound of a mighty choir in perfect accord.

Passing through the British Department, we notice a rare piece of antiquity in the form of

AN OAKEN CHEST SIX HUNDRED AND SIXTY YEARS OLD,

"illustrating," so the label reads, "The Perpendicular Period of Gothic Architecture." The sides are divided into four panels, set in, and curiously carved in an upright pattern of branches of foliage, intermingled with a flower here and there. The roof-shaped lid has four smaller panels, carved in the ordinary trefoil pattern, surrounded by circles, and has great iron clasps and hasps, with three rusted padlocks of similar material. Were there instead of the last, a curiously wrought "spring-lock," one might fancy it was the same that "fastened down forever" the fair and lamented bride, Ginevra.

Not far beyond, in a glass case, where ornaments and finely-chased trinkets of gold and silver glisten, marked by cunning imitations that almost deceive the "experts" themselves, those latter day Solons, we see a *head* (don't shrink, sensitive reader)—not a "ghastly, grinning head," such as used to terrify the evil doers, from the terrible spikes over Temple Bar, in the dark days of "Merrie England," but the

HEAD OF A RAM,

the Royal Ram, surely of fairy-tale, for look, upon the snowy summit of his well-washed fleece glitters a silver crown. His polished, curving horns are varnished and silver-tipped; a lustrous amethyst, of regal size, or one of those clever imitations supplants the sharp tip that his majesty was wont, in his "quick and lively" days, to do valiant battle with. A pair of fine glass eyes stare with unblinking calm upon the inquisitive throng who are gazing upon his brave adornments. Certain inquiries are made as to the meaning of those things. "Just a tobacco box, ladies and gentlemen," explains the good-humored attendant. "See this small silver shovel for snuff, and the ivory mallet for tapping the box. This crown is the lid," suiting the action to the word, and laying an irreverent hand on that sacred insignia of the "divinity of kings." Alas for our "Royal Ram!" What a sheepish appearance he presents with his crown turned into a lid! And yet they tell us this is made in Edinburgh! It contains a satire on royalty worthy the bitterness of a Rochefort!

We are pleased to record the fact that, in the United States Department, there are many beautiful and artistically designed pieces of furniture, some of these specimens, in fact, being considered in no wise inferior to the work of noted European firms.

One variety, especially, commends itself for grace and lightness, while it has the added value of strength and durability. It is the kind made from the

SOUTH SEA ISLAND RATTAN,

and exhibited by a New York firm. A Pavillion of the Rattan, of a very beautiful form, being after the pattern of a Chinese pagoda, decorated with bells, flower leaves, wheat ears and tendrils, all made from the inner fibre or pith of the rattan, contains the articles exhibited. The bells and flowers of a bell-shape, such as fuchsias, convolvuli, also vases and receivers for cards, etc., are made by bending long strips of the smaller fibre around in the desired shape, and then securing them by a strong glue. So enduring, so resistive of outward pressure are these frail-looking articles, that a small Allumette stand, measuring about an inch and a half in diameter and four inches in height, bore the entire weight of a grown man, he standing on one foot on the bottom of it. This seems incredible, but we saw the feat and the *foot* also.

The tables and chairs made of this material are particularly graceful in design and appearance. The creamy tint shading into pale brown is very effective. When made up into such articles it is called by the natives of the Islands from whence it is procured, *Ja-Se-Po-Ri* ware.

In the exhibit from Ohio there are fine specimens of regalia and all the insignia of the different orders of Masonry.

A BEAUTIFUL BREAST-PLATE,

after the model of the one that Aaron wore, has a foundation of red velvet, with the different stones—the carbuncle, topaz and ruby on the first row, bearing under them the names of Levi, Simeon and Reuben. In the second row, a diamond, sapphire and emerald, under which are Zebulon, Issachar and Judah. Third, an amethyst, agate and cornelian, having beneath Gad, Naphtali and Dan. Fourth, a blood-stone, onyx and beryl, having Joseph, Benjamin and Asher below. This is especially interesting to us on account of the sacred tradition connected with its form and use, and the fidelity with which the design of the original has been copied. In the

DEPARTMENT OF THE NETHERLANDS,

there is from Rotterdam a very beautiful screen, in imitation of Japan work, inlaid with *nacre*, or mother-of-pearl, and having eight panels or divisions, each having a picture in the centre.

Some of the designs are from Faust, others scenes from Schiller's great poems, and one has for its subject the Death of William Tell. The old patriot sits in his arm chair; the light from the sinking sun streaming in from between the peaks of his beloved mountains, and illumining his grand old face, pallid now with the mystery of death.

A group of peasants, in their working clothes and with their farming tools in their hands, as if they had been summoned in haste to bid farewell to their leader, stand about him. One grasps his hand, while a number kneel, bowed with grief, at his side, and a fine boy stands at his knee, looking inquiringly into the faces of those around him. It is wonderful how marked an effect is produced by such a style of painting, but the lights and shadows are really remarkable.

Two scenes from Faust are fine also—"Marguerite going to church," and also her "prayer at the shrine of the Virgin Mother."

There is in one of the exhibits from the States a noticeable display of

HAIR WORK.

We cannot call it beautiful, for to us the flowers and churchyard landscapes made from locks of hair of the beloved dead, are as repulsive as the still more disagreeable custom which now prevails of making flowers and memorial wreaths from their clothing. The hair-work, which we notice in this instance, is really wonderful as a specimen of mechanical skill. It represents a cluster of lilies of the valley, done in flaxen hair, intermingled with heartsease, done in dark and light hair. The work is beautiful, as far as its delicate mechanism is concerned; beyond that we cannot admire it.

Passing through Austria, a gem arrests us; it is a

PAINTING ON PORCELAIN

of Cupid making an arrow. The figure, the attitude, the flesh-tints, are simply exquisite; from the lovely face and head, crowned with softly clustering auburn curls, with such a sweet yet mischief-brewing expression about the lovely mouth and dreamy eyes, to the soft tinting of the blue and purple rose-tipped of the wings. At his feet, a brother sprite with merry, laughing face, pretends to comfort a golden-haired cherub, a tiny maiden, who is weeping most piteously—whether in anticipation of the deadly hurt that the arrow in process of construction will inflict, or wherefore we know not.

In Germany we find an elaborate pavillion for the display of

IVORY,

in the various industries to which it is applied.

The woodwork of this pavillion is of wood colored to imitate ebony, and is surmounted by a tall glass case, containing elephant, walrus, and other tusks. The wood-work of the pavillion is inlaid with medallions of ivory, and has besides the centre compartment, four others of glass, one at each corner; the framework enclosing the glass being outlined with small ivory tusks set in. Tall, corrugated horns of the goat or antelope, mark the centre of the top of each compartment.

In one may be found balls in white and red ivory for billiards, bagatelle, etc. While carefully carved chessman, dice, dominoes, and other varieties of games are shown in similar materials. Another contains piano keys, medallions, lockets, chains, and ornaments of various kinds. Another has ivory flowers, delicately done, knife handles and napkin rings. A fourth has backs for prayer books, with groups of figures and heads done in relief, and in a style of art rarely beautiful. The centre case, contains figures of animals, and also woman groups; of the former, a deer and two sheep are remarkable for finish and fidelity of detail. Frames, brushes, paper knives and caskets and many smaller articles make up the list.

The arrangement of this case, the artistic bringing out of the creamy tints of the ivory by contrast with the deep black of the background are well worthy of praise.

The varied exhibits from Russia being but lately set in the order it is desired they should remain, still attract many spectators; and, indeed, they merit all admiration bestowed since there are many art treasures among them.

The articles shown in

MALACHITE AND PORPHYRY

are beautiful and finely finished, without exception from the mantel-pieces and tables of the former down to the tiniest paper-weight or stud. There are several of the paper-weights that we may not pass by without special description. Two in the form of slabs, one of Malachite, the other of prophyry, have clusters of small fruits upon them. These fruits are made of different-colored stones, and are tinted the exact hue of the fruits they are intended to represent. The red raspberries actually have the bloom upon their surface which in nature gives such a silvery effect, and is so difficult to copy in painting, but here it is reproduced perfectly. The veins in the gooseberries, the transparent pulp revealing the small seeds within, showing as through a veil, are shown just as they appear in the berry itself.

Another in the malachite, is also in the form of an oblong slab, with a low sled of gold upon it, bearing a fat-looking cask, perhaps full of the favorite *nalifka*, or home made wine. A stout peasant, also of gold, draws the sled by means of a rope across his shoulders.

A BEAUTIFUL ALBUM,

with backs of malachite, in which are set finely painted panels, on one side is the representation of a Russian family crossing a snow-covered plain in a sleigh, drawn by three horses, called the *Troika*; the centre steed, having an arch of wood, gaily decorated and hung with bells above his head, he prancing proudly, while his companions on each side trudge practically along and draw the load.

An old jar crossed with gilt bands, and having the most natural-looking fly in gilt, crawling up its side, suggests the hidden sweetness of some nice conserve. The cover is an imitation of a white cloth tied down done in silver. Several specimens of this work in gilt and silver are shown. Some baskets and card receivers in gilt, having napkins half-folded and apparently laid carelessly upon them done in silver, and reproducing the appearance of the linen damask, even th fringe so perfectly that you feel disposed to lift it up.

A magnificent punch bowl in gilt and enamel, has a cloth thrown over it, with embroidered band and lace edge, so perfect, so wonderful an imitation that it seems hardly credible to hear that it is of metal.

In the artistic *repousse* work, described in our last, there are shown smaller specimens than the one we particularly noticed all showing the same beauty of detail and careful work.

IN BRONZES.

Russia certainly has but few equals, and to our thinking no superiors.

The smaller groups are, if anything, more worthy of careful study, than the larger pieces, showing as they do, such fine rendering of the minutest point of the subject exemplified. One represents a

COSSACK SOLDIER

leaning besides his own steed, one he has captured, laden with equipments, and the added spoils, which he has snatched from his victims, along his bloody warpath. He is depicted as wiping his reeking sword on his horse's mane, while his dark, cruel contenance, his reckless attitude, half lounging, half-sitting upright, the indifference with which he wipes away the blood, yet fresh and dripping, reveal his desperate character. A touching incident is suggested by the attitude of the captured steed. Trained to obey, he follows his captor, but turns his head as he goes, lookingly anxiously back, and neighs for his fallen master, and his equine comrades. This touch of nature reveals the genius of the artist more truly than does the perfection of the work.

A pretty bit, among the jewelry, is a cluster of wild roses in rubies, with sprays of white blossoms, each represented by a single large pearl; mingled with the flowers are sprays of wheat and grass, done in gold, of a rare fineness, and having grains of diamonds.

In the Austrian Department are shown some curious specimens of

SPUN GLASS OR GLASS WEB,

as it is called. There is a cover to a pincushion, crocheted of it. A hat with plumes and flowers made of it.

Actually a pair of dressing slippers of it crocheted in pink and white!

Who shall call Cinderella's slippers a myth after this?

Slippers naturally suggests dressing gowns, *apropos* of which, we can assure any comfortless, old bachelor, who finds his own "going the way of all cloth" and nobody on hand to mend the rents, he will find the very perfection of such an article in the British section, made of Indian silk and wadded with eider down. There are also slippers of similar material, and smoking cap. Can luxury go farther?

In this department we notice a bright, many-hued temple in miniature; curiosity prompts a near inspection, which reveals the fact that it is made of *spools of sewing silk*; purple, green, blue, brown, red, and other colors, arranged with a nice eye to harmony of tints.

Not far from the Main building stands the Carriage Building, which contains an attractive display of vehicles of all kinds, from the different nationalities who deal in such commodities. On our way there we stop to have a glance at the Swedish and Norwegian display of iron.

Here one can see this most useful of metals in all the various stages, from the ore in its virgin state to the most finished work. Great pillars of twisted and fluted iron rise before one. *A reindeer, ingeniously constructed of nails*, in different sizes, gives a novel idea of advertising these articles. One might imagine the wheel of time rolled backward many centuries, and one's self suddenly transported to the "Iron Age."

A still more curious specimen is exhibited by Norway, in the form of an

ANTIQUE VESSEL,

the deck, sides and prow made of plate-iron, while the masts and spars are of hammered iron; ladders of iron rope are hung on either side the mast. A grim officer, also of the hard metal, stands on deck, holding a weapon something like a club of iron too. He stands in front of an iron cabin—and we are convinced, that having seen him, we are prepared to solve the mystery of the "Man in the Iron Mask," by announcing this individual to be either the person in question himself, or an immediate ancestor, from whom all necessary information concerning his puzzling relative can be gained.

Here we are in the

CARRIAGE BUILDING.

Among so many charming equipages, how impossible to decide which has the best claim to preference. We are attracted by the handsome "Drags" to be seen in the British section of this building. Now that "four-in-hands" have become fashionable, and everybody reads up about coaches (can this be called "coaching?") and quotes inimitable old Tony Weller, it may not be inappropriate to describe an English "Drag." Of course we all know that the choice seats are on top, and next come those on the rear of the highest seats. Only John Thomas and Abigail ride inside when we go a-pleasuring, on a pic-nic, for instance. There are two wicker cases for a whip and our horn, with which we announce our coming, a place for our champagne and ale bottles, an ice box opening into a table, a tray for our glasses, a ladder for timid fair ones, to aid the ascent to the desired attitude, a section awarded to and, indeed, provided with the monster basket itself, which is to hold our appetizing lunch. Then a clear, breezy morning in September, a fine road and hill country, a genuine descendant of Jehu on the box, a party of choice and *amiable* spirits, four fine blooded steeds, full of life but free of tricks, and who *would not go* on such a pic-nic, and in such a drag? Not your correspondent, you may be sure!

We have not space in this article for more than a passing notice of the contents of this building. We may not pass over a light wagon, of ash or some other wood of high color used for such purpose, with here and there on the body part and wheels an intermingling of darker wood, the whole polished and varnished, showing the natural color and grain of the woods, and certainly very effectively.

And now the evening shadows begin to deepen; the big fog horn, near the United States Government Building, lifts up its voice, and joins in the clamor of great and small bells. And so we walk away leisurely to the "Exit Gate" nearest, and add another unit to the departing column.

NIGHTMARE.

There are persons who cannot eat very rich food, or too hearty an evening meal, or late suppers, without being visited the following night by some terrible dream. It may be that they are falling from a precipice; leaping from a high window; in battle, and about to be shot; wrecked at sea, and drowning; attacked by midnight robbers, and likely to be murdered; the hopeless victim of unrequited love, or tempered by a sour-tempered mother-in-law. Such dreams take innumerable fantastic and hideous shapes. In whatever form they come, they are designated by the comprehensive name of Nightmare.

Sometimes there is but an indistinct impression of such dreams remaining after waking; at others, the recollection for days. They are always most unwelcome visitors, leaving behind them painful associations of thought. The nightmare is a hard and galling horse to ride.

At the same time it may not be an evil untempered with good to be liable to this prompt and most disagreeable penalty for an infringement of the laws of health. The tendency is to make one more observant of regular hours and wholesome diet. Some philosophers have maintained that the most robust constitution does not afford the best chance for long life. This was the opinion of Sir George Combe, the author of a remarkably perspicuous and profound work on the "The Constitution of Man." Moses Brown of Swansea, a rich, benevolent, and highly esteemed member of the Society of Friends, who lived to the age of nearly one hundred, held to a similar doctrine. He said that when a young man, he was so feeble that, had it been possible, he would gladly have compromised for forty years of life. His very feebleness, however, and the quick penalty he was compelled to pay for any inattention to the requirements of health, had made him constantly careful of himself; and the consequence was, that he lived to a great and unusual age.

A person with what is called an iron constitution may do what he pleases in the way of indulgence and excess without experiencing any immediate disagreeable effects; whereas one of less hardihood and endurance has to pay as he goes. The two have been aptly compared to the credit and the cash systems; against one the score ultimately becomes large and ruinous, and he finally suddenly breaks down; while the other, never having a long account against him, settles the more easily because he settles so often.

We are inclined, therefore, on the whole, to regard what is often spoken of, and not inaccurately, as the "horrid nightmare," as, in reality, a minister to health—a useful moral agency. At the same time we must admit that he is a minister and a moral agent whose utility depends upon his being avoided. His place is better supplied by the sweet influences of refreshing sleep which wait on manly exercise, a wholesome and generous diet, early and regular hours, a clear conscience, and a good newspaper.

BEGIN AT HOME.

Why do you begin to do good so far off? This is a ruling error. Begin at the centre, and work outward. If you do not love your wife, do not pretend to such love for the people of the antipodes. If you let some family grudge, some peccadillo, some undesirable gesture sour your visage towards a sister or daughter, pray cease to teach beneficence on a large scale. Begin not at the next door, but within your own door, then with your next neighbor, whether relative, servant, or superior. Account the man you meet the man you are to bless. Give him such things as you have. "How can I make him or her happier?" This is the question. If a guinea will do it, give the guinea. If advice will do it, give advice. If a look, a smile, or a warm pressure of the hand, or tear, will do it, give the look, smile, hand, or tear. But never forget that the happiness of our world is a mountain of golden sands, and that it is your part to cast some contributory atom every moment.

He that has never known adversity is but half acquainted with others or with himself. Constant success shows but one side of the world. For, as it surrounds us with friends who tell us only our merits, so it silences those enemies from whom alone we can learn our defects.

NEWS NOTES.

RUSSIA is sending troops to the frontier.

THE eastern prospect again looks gloomy.

THE public debt statement for August 1, shows a reduction of $1,138,034.

The report that Marshal Bazaine has entered the Turkish service is not true.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S estate, known as Marshfield, was sold recently for $35,000.

GROUND has been broken in the Champ d'Mars, Paris, for the Exhibition of 1878.

AUSTRIA has been strengthening the garrison at Semlin, in view of possible events.

ELEVEN tons of cucumbers were recently shipped from Jacksonville, Florida, in one week.

NEW ENGLAND has about 15,000 acres of land devoted to the cultivation of cranberries.

MRS. General Custer is still greatly prostrated at Bismarck, and her condition is alarming.

FOUR inches of snow fell on Mount Washington on the morning of July 29th, just after sunrise.

THE High Court of Justice in England has decided that the visible horizon or offing is three miles.

THE number of divorces decreed annually in Indiana is in the proportion of one to three hundred families.

ORANGES and pineapples are washing ashore at Long Branch, much to the delight of the summer visitors.

THE amount of gold coin actually in the Treasury, and free from liabilities, on the 24th ult., was $8,887,525.

DURING the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1876, 22,578 Chinese arrived in this country, 259 of whom only were females.

THE Emperor William impresses upon Roumania the importance of peace, and it is stated Austria will demand her neutrality.

THE Treasury payments during July amounted to $11,100,146, exclusive of disbursements on account of the National debt.

A HAVANA dispatch says the negro Coola, one of the most prominent of the insurgent leaders, has been killed in ambush near Sagua.

IT is stated in Paris, that a European Congress upon the eastern question has been decided upon, and that it will shortly meet at Brussels.

A DISPATCH to the Reuter Telegram Company from St. Petersburg says the report of the rising of the Circassians in the Caucasus is unfounded.

A DISPATCH from Rockbridge Alum Springs, Virginia, says Speaker Kerr's symptoms are very unfavorable and that his condition is regarded as critical.

Out of sixteen Turkish battalions who were engaged at Urbiza four only reached Bilek. The battalions probably average under four hundred men each.

THERE are now in the State Prison at Auburn, N. Y., fourteen hundred and forty-eight convicts, a larger number than have ever before been in the prison at one time.

THE ex-Queen Isabella, who is returning from Paris for Spain, has written a letter to President MacMahon, thanking him for the kindness shown her during her eight years' residence in France.

BRUCE YOUNGER, a cousin of the notorious Younger brothers, has been arrested in Joplin, Mo., on suspicion of being one of a gang who robbed the railroad train near Otterville, a few weeks ago.

POPE Pius IX has created ninety-nine cardinals. Of these fifty have died. Of the sixty-one cardinals who witnessed his election only eight are now alive, and the oldest of these is in his eighty-fifth year.

IT is reported that Lone Wolf is on his way with 1,500 Northern Cheyennes to join the Sioux. The Indians are confident of success, and are waiting eagerly for the troops to march on their stronghold.

THE Mayor of Fordwich, England, is dead, after an uninterrupted tenure of office for twenty-eight years. It is the rule in the borough, if any person refuses to accept the office of Mayor, to pull down his house.

THE area of the Empire of China is much larger than that of the United States, and next to Russia is the largest in the world, the population being incomparably the largest, being one-third of the human race.

THE death rate in the City of Rome has experienced a sensible decrease within the last few months. It is evident that the expense incurred on the amelioration of the Tiber is already bringing forth good fruit.

MISS RYLAND, who lately presented the town of Birmingham, England, with the Cannon Hill Park, has just given forty acres of land at Small Heath, valued at $160,000 for the formation of another park.

AN alligator which is now on exhibition at New Orleans measures sixteen and one-half feet in length, and has a proportionate breadth of back. The reptile was captured in the Pearl River without receiving any injury.

THE White Star Line Steamship Company's agents at Liverpool say they have heard nothing more about the projected Parliamentary excursion to Philadelphia, and are under the impression that it has fallen through.

THE President has signed the acts of Congress providing for the temporary expenditures of the government, for continuing the government printing and for the investigation of the Chinese immigration question.

THERE are one hundred and sixty-two driving parks in the United States. The value of the property held by these associations is estimated at $5,000,000; and that of the horses entered in a single year, $15,000,000.

MR. THOMAS M. GREGORY, a well known citizen of Fairfax county, Virginia, who resided near Centreville, was stricken with apoplexy while sitting on his front steps, recently, and fell to the ground below, breaking his neck.

THE free-school in London, which is supported by the Jews, gives religious and secular education to 3000 children annually, at an expense of $37,000. The government inspector has allowed the school $9000 and praises its efficiency.

THE Williams College students will hereafter wear Oxford caps and gowns through the commencement season. There may be a spice of vanity in this new under-graduate wrinkle, but there are obvious good qualities in the gowns; they will equalize the class in respect of dress, and save many a student, who cannot afford it, either the expense of a dress-coat, or the often keenly-felt embarrassment of appearing on the platform without one.

THE French Chamber of Commerce are planning for a grand canal between Havre and Marseilles. One of the plans is for a ship canal 10 feet deep, 100 feet wide, across the Isthmus of Guienne and Languedoc, shortening the sea route by 800 miles.

A MANUSCRIPT copy of the Koran, copied by the Caliph Osman, the third after the prophet Mohammed, is in the Imperial Library of St. Petersburg. It formed a part of the library at Samarcand, is 1,200 years old, and bears traces of the blood that spirted on its pages when Osman was stabbed while reading.

THE Russian Grand Duke Michael and his wife, the Queen of Greece, the Duke Decazes and several French generals took dinner with Marshal MacMahon and wife on the 12th of July. After dinner a number of actors from the Theatre Francais entertained the guests with dramatic performances.

Two men own 600,000 acres of land in San Joaquin and Santa Clara valleys, California, upon which they pay about $40,000 yearly in taxes. Their names are Lux and Miller, and they began their business lives in San Francisco as butchers, without any capital. The land is used as meadows and pastures.

THE remnant of the wreck of the *Merrimac* has been raised and placed in the dry dock at the Norfolk navy yard. The timber, what there is left of it, will be utilized as the pews of the Old South Church are being, in supporting the tottering steps of those who are wealthy enough to purchase a walking stick for a relic.

THE atrocities committed by the Bashi Bazouks in Thessaly and Epirus have created such a sensation throughout Greece as to render the maintenance of neutrality difficult. A latter despatch says the relations between Greece and Turkey are assuming an increasingly serious aspect.

ADVICES from Slavonic sources confirm the intelligence of the complete defeat of the Turks on the 28th of July, near Urbiza. The Montenegrins captured three hundred Nizams, besides Osman Pacha, five guns and several flags. The Turks attacked the Montenegrins at Kutzchi, but were repulsed, Selim Pacha was wounded.

Two bales of new cotton were received at Savannah recently, one of Georgia and the other of Florida growth, consigned to J. W. Lathrop & Co., sold at 15c for Georgia and 15 1-10c for Florida; both were shipped to D. H. Baldwin, New York. The first bales last year were received on the 31st of July. Savannah is the first port to receive new cotton this year.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Salt Lake *Herald*, speaking of the recent report that the Great Salt Lake is rising, gives the result of his observations of the fluctuations of the water. A monument was put into the lake last September, and since that time it is found that the water of the lake has risen fourteen inches. In one place, where the pioneers walked over dry shod on a reef of rocks twenty-six years ago, the depth of the water is from eight to eleven feet.

A great struggle is in progress in California between the managers of the bonanza mines (consolidated Virginia and California) and a powerful combination of capitalists hostile to the Nevada clique. Flood and O'Brien, with the Nevada Bank, have now to withstand the onset, or step down and out, as they forced Ralston and his friends to do some time ago. Since the first of the year the stocks of the mines managed by these men have declined $16,000,000.

A NEW apparatus for ventilating purposes has been introduced into Wallack's Theatre, New York. Fresh air is forced into the cellar at the rate of 1000 feet per minute by a fan wheel eight feet in diameter, and distributed over the house by means of a long narrow flue which extends across the front of the building. This arrangement insures an even distribution of the air, which blows in the faces of the audience, without the chill of a draft.

THE Newark and Clinton Horse Car Company have introduced an invention on their road whereby horses can be supplied with water while travelling. The arrangement, which is very simple, consists of a reservoir of water on the top of the car, with rubber tubes leading therefrom to the bits in the horses' mouths, the bits being hollow and perforated with small holes. The driver can at pleasure open the tubes and cause the water to run into the mouths of the animals.

IN Turkey, the Government has decided to issue paper money in order to meet the necessities created by the war. It is driven to this expedient by the utter distrust manifested throughout Europe of the solvency of the Ottoman Empire. There is considerable foundation for this want of confidence, inasmuch as the Turks have incurred a debt of $300,000,000 within the last twenty-two years, upon which they now pay no interest.

FIGHTING has taken place at several places in Turkey. The Turks repulsed the Servians at one point, but were defeated at Babinaglana, where their fortified camp was carried by assault after three hours' fighting. There was an indecisive conflict before Beelina, but hostilities on a larger scale are reported to be in progress at Nitsch, where a strong Turkish force is assembled. The Montenegrins are proving efficient allies, having already repulsed a Turkish force, and compelled Mukhtar Pacha to abandon Gatschko and retreat into Bosnia.

THE Cabinet list of President Grant up to the present writing is longer than that of any other President. There have been two Secretaries of State, the present Secretary, Hon. Hamilton Fish, being the oldest Cabinet officer retaining his place. There have been five Secretaries of the Treasury, including A. T. Stewart, not confirmed; four Secretaries of War; two Secretaries of the Navy; three Secretaries of the Interior; three Postmasters-General, and five Attorneys-General. This makes a total of twenty-four Cabinet officers during President Grant's administration.

DON'T FORGET IT.

The proverb, "A stitch in time saves nine," is thus set forth in an old English ballad:

For want of a nail the shoe was lost;
For want of a shoe the horse was lost;
For want of a horse the rider was lost;
For want of a rider the battle was lost;
For want of the battle the kingdom was lost;
All for the want of a horse shoe nail.

THE fear of not succeeding, and the impression of this fear, often occasion too great are impetuosity in the pursuit of an enterprise. When circumspection and foresight regulate and govern our plans, apprehension is more than half overcome; but whenever doubts are entertained of success, everything is decided on in haste and without discretion.

To write a good love letter you ought to begin without knowing what you mean to say, and to finish without knowing what you have written.—*Rousseau.*

DRY UP THY TEARS, LOVE!

BY MORA.

Dry up thy tears, love!—I fain would be gay;
Sing me the song of my early day!
Give me the music, so witchingly wild,
That calmed my sorrows when I was a child!
Years have gone by me, both lonely and long,
Since my spirit was soothed by thy voice, in that song!

Years have gone by!—and life's lowlands are past,
And I stand on the hill which I sighed for, at last;
But I turn from the summit that once was my star,
To the vale of my childhood, seen dimly and far—
Each blight on its beauty seems softened and gone,
Like a land that we love, in the light of the moon!

There are the flowers that have withered away,
And the hopes that have faded,—like fairies at play,
And the eyes that are dimmed, and the smiles that are gone,
And thou too art there?—but thou still art mine own;
Fair as in childhood, and fond as in youth,
Thou—only thou—wert a spirit of truth!

Time hath been o'er thee, and darkened thine eye,
And thoughts are within thee more holy and high;
Sadder thy smile than in days that are o'er,
And lovelier all that was lovely before;
That which thou wert is not that which thou art,
Thou too art altered in all—but in heart!

Lie on my bosom, and lead me along
Over lost scenes, by the magic of song!
What if I weep at the visions of years?
Sighs are not sorrow,—and joy has her tears!
Sad is my brow, as thy music is sad,
But oh! it is long since my heart was so glad;

All that is left of life's promise is here,—
Thou, my young idol, in sorrow more dear!
But thy murmurs remind me of many a day,
And though I am glad, love! I cannot be gay!—
All has departed that offered like truth,
Save thou—only thou—and the song of my youth!

THE HISTORY OF A "PERSONAL."

BY ETTA L. HENRY.

"Oh, Grace, just listen to this 'personal.' I have a great notion to answer it, just for fun, you know;" and Lottie Arlington read aloud, in a laughing voice, the following notice:

"W. C. would like a young lady correspondent. Is young, of good family, and possesses a moderate income. Address, W. C., *Herald* Office."

"Wouldn't it be jolly fun, Grace, and I am tired to death of this old country village with no excitement whatever. I just believe I'll answer it."

"I wouldn't, Lottie," said quiet Grace Burke, "you might get yourself into trouble; besides, if Jack were to find it out, he might not approve of your writing to a strange man."

"O! pshaw! Gracie, Jack is not my husband yet, and he needn't know everything. Any way, I don't believe he would care very much."

The latter remark was made a little doubtfully, and Miss Lottie's brown eyes wore a queer, somewhat frightened expression, as she thought of Jack's handsome face all clouded with passion when she, "just for fun, you know," danced all the evening with a fascinating young cadet who certainly was not her affianced husband. But Lottie Arlington, a rich widower's spoiled darling, accustomed all her *life to have her own* way, never seriously thought of giving up that peculiarly feminine prerogative to any one; and although, down in the depths of her own warm little heart she thought her Jack perfection, she rarely by any chance, allowed him to comprehend her real feelings, but, though his promised wife, so tormented and teased the poor fellow, that he was almost beside himself with jealous doubts and perplexities. So, after the first brief hesitation, Miss Arlington decided on action, disengaged her small person from the huge rocking chair in which she had been reclining, and shaking out her rumpled morning dress, betook herself to her writing desk and to an inspection of a varied assortment of perfumed and colored note paper. She made a charming picture as she stood by the open window, with a thoughtful expression on her piquant face, and her head, covered with glossy brown curls, bent slightly forward. But then an altogether charming little personage was Miss Lottie Arlington, with her large brown eyes, clear complexion, laughing dimples, pearly teeth, and Lilliputian figure; and so thought her cousin Grace, as she sat there industriously working at a seemingly endless piece of embroidery. Grace was Mr. Arlington's niece, and, also, his housekeeper, although she was only two years her cousin's senior, and, in her own way, quite as attractive; but Lottie, entertaining childish notions of practical life, thinking everything pertaining to housekeeping a bother, and knowing that even after her marriage she would have little to trouble her, was certainly not intended by nature for a model housewife; so Grace took charge of the household after her aunt's death, and, as her cousin remarked, "she made everything go lovely." She sighed now as she looked at Lottie, and an expression of pain swept over her countenance. Lottie heard the sigh and looked up.

"What is the matter, Gracie?" said she, "worrying over your sins? Or is it mine you are tormenting your wise little head about?"

Grace did not answer, and Lottie coming to her side and putting her arms around her cousin's waist, said, half laughingly, half earnestly:

"Now see here, cousin mine, I am sick and tired of the monotony of this dull old place, and if Papa won't take me to the seashore, and Jack *won't* leave his musty old office and spend the summer with us—oh, there is no use telling me that they can't leave their business, they could do it well enough if they really wanted to—why, they can expect nothing better than that I will get into mischief. Besides, they needn't know anything about it, and I'll just write to this spooney, and you and I will have a nice little time together reading his letters and writing ours. Now, don't look so serious, there is no possible harm in it, and I am determined to have my own way, so you might just as well laugh, and look pleasant. Come, now, Gracie, do;" and one little hand was laid caressingly on Grace's soft cheek.

Grace looked down at the merry face, and said falteringly, "But Jack—"

"O! bother Jack!" said Miss Arlington, elegantly, and then kissing her cousin, seated herself at the writing desk, and, selecting a delicately perfumed sheet of pink note paper, wrote the following brilliant epistle, which she read with great gusto to Grace:

"I saw your advertisement in this morning's *Herald*, and feel inclined to answer. I am spending the summer in an excessively stupid country town, and am positively stagnating from the want of news of my delightful New York. If you can write real interesting letters, and let me know the latest gossip, I shall try to answer in kind, and if I have nothing to tell you, I'll invent something. Remember, however, if your letters fail to be interesting, the correspondence will cease, as I merely wish to be amused. Address, etc."

"O! Lottie," said Grace, "I wouldn't send it; do you know, it seems dreadful to me."

"What does?" demanded Miss Arlington.

"Why, you're writing to this man, a perfect stranger, and, for aught you know, a person not fit for you to associate with."

"O, pshaw! lots of girls do it. Why, there's Mary Gracll, and Louise Carroll, and—and plenty of others who have two or three correspondents whom they never saw, and they have grand fun over the letters; Louise Carroll told me so. And, besides, I don't believe he will answer this, it is almost too cool," and she laughed as she thought of the sentence: "I merely wish to be amused."

"I hope he won't" said Grace emphatically, and that ended the conversation for the time. The letter was sent, and answered, after which followed a brisk correspondence during the entire summer, much to Grace Burke's annoyance, and Lottie Arlington's satisfaction.

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The summer months had passed away, and the fashionable strangers, who had made their annual stay at the sea-side and in the country, departed for their homes again. Among these were Lottie Arlington and Grace Burke. The correspondence, begun with "W. C." early in the summer, had lasted all through the fall without any visible signs of abating, when, one bright November morning, Lottie entered her cousin's room with an open letter in her hand, and a grave expression on her usually merry face.

"Why, Lottie, what is the matter?" cried Grace, startled by her cousin's singular appearance.

"O, nothing much, only 'W. C.' writes me a *loving* letter, and requests the pleasure of an interview, and I feel insulted by his impertinence," was the reply, in a bitter tone of voice.

"It is just what you might have expected, Lottie," said Grace. "The only wonder is that it did not come sooner."

"Yes, I know," said Lottie, "and I am sorry now that I ever began it; but I'll write one more letter to him, and make him pay for this," and there was a mischievous sparkle in Miss Arlington's bright eyes as she left the room. In half an hour she returned, dressed for the street, and gave her cousin the following note to read:

MY FRIEND:—I have just received your note requesting an interview with me. If you will be at Stewart's to-morrow afternoon at half-past three, a lady will pass by dressed in a black walking dress, pink ribbons, white net veil, and carrying a roll of music in her left hand. Join her, and your request will be granted. I am, etc., etc.

"O, Lottie, surely, surely, you will not send this?" said Grace, imploringly.

"Indeed, I will," replied her cousin, "but do not be alarmed. I merely wish to surprise our friend 'W. C.' a little," and, gaily humming an opera air, Lottie left the room to mail her letter and make some calls.

That afternoon two young gentlemen sat in a down-town office, enjoying their cigars, when the letter carrier entered with several letters. One of the young men was handsome Jack Arnold, Lottie's affianced husband, and a most promising young lawyer. A noble, generous heart had Jack Arnold, and he loved little Lottie Arlington with all the strength and ardor of his warm nature. The other gentleman, a friend of Jack's, though not of Lottie's, was Will Cheston, a young physician, and it was in his office that they were seated. The carrier handed Mr. Cheston several letters, which he opened and rapidly glanced over. The last one whose seal he broke was in a woman's handwriting, and after reading it several times, he handed it to Jack, saying, laughingly:

"There, read that; it is from my lady correspondent about whom I was telling you. She promises to meet me to-morrow, and I want you to go with me to Stewart's to see what she is like, and to help me to retire gracefully if she should turn out to be some old hag who would frighten the dead. I only wish I knew her name," and he arose and passed into an adjoining room.

Jack Arnold took the note with a smile, glanced at it, and sank back in his chair with a face so pale that it was almost ghastly. The note was in Lottie Arlington's handwriting! "Good God!" thought the poor fellow, "can it be possible? There must be some mistake. Surely Lottie would not be so unwomanly as to consent to meet a perfect stranger, and she engaged to me! I'll—I'll—O, what shall I do?" and he bowed his head in his hands, feeling as if his heart had been pierced with daggers. By the time Will Cheston re-entered the room, dressed for the street, he had regained his composure, for not for worlds would he have betrayed Lottie's duplicity to his friend.

"You will go with me to Stewart's to-morrow, won't you, Jack?" said Will.

"Certainly, if you wish it," was the reply; and then the two men left the office, one with a gay heart, wondering what his fair correspondent would be like; the other, tortured almost to madness with the thought that that correspondent was his affianced wife, and dreading, yet hoping for the morrow.

The next afternoon they stood together at Stewart's, scrutinizing every young lady who passed attired in black. Finally, just as Will Cheston took out his watch for the twentieth time, a young lady in a black silk dress, pink ribbons, white net veil, and carrying a roll of music in her left hand, slowly approached.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Mr. Cheston, "but isn't she beautiful," while poor Jack Arnold felt his heart sink like lead, for in the tiny little lady who walked along so gracefully he recognized Lottie Arlington. Before he had time to collect his thoughts or decide what to do, Will advanced to join her, when just behind appeared another young lady dressed in black silk, pink ribbons, white net veil, and carrying a roll of music in her left hand. Ere either of the two young men had time to recover from their surprise, a third young lady passed them, dressed in precisely the same manner, and with a most roguish smile on her face, and immediately behind her appeared two more similarly attired.

"Sold!" ejaculated Will Cheston in a tone of deep disgust, as he walked off in an opposite direction, leaving Jack Arnold to gaze after the sweet darlings in black silk, with a wonderfully lightened heart.

That evening when he met his affianced he taxed her with having corresponded with an entire stranger, and promising to grant him an interview. Lottie penitently confessed the truth of the first part of the accusation, but stoutly denied the second, and thereupon, with one lovely hand on his mouth to check his reproaches, and the other playing with his watch-chain, made from her own glossy curls, she told him the whole story, and how she had induced four of her friends to assist her in carrying out a plan for punishing the insolence she had brought on herself. Having finished, she looked up at him, with tears in her lovely brown eyes, and besought him to forgive her, promising never to do so again. And he? What else could he do—what would any susceptible young fellow do if he were button-holed by such a fairy-like little woman, who begged him, in the most deliciously humble manner in the world, to forgive her for a piece of childish folly? Why, he took her up in his strong, manly arms, and after covering her face with passionate kisses, agreed to forgive her if she would set the wedding-day as soon as it was possible to consummate arrangements. Lottie promised, and now they are married; and as Lottie really loved her Jack with all the warmth of her nature, and as Jack thinks his little wife an angel with just enough of earth in her to make her enchanting, and as they have money enough to afford to live on love if they want, why, take it altogether, we may presume they are reasonably happy.

LECTURERS FOR THE COMING SEASON.

The subjects of the lecturers for the coming winter have been announced by the American Literary Bureau, Cooper Institute, as follows:

Prof. David Swing, of Chicago, will talk about "Heroism in Common Life" and "Elements of Power."

Wendell Phillips will tell of the "Lost Arts," "John Brown," and "Street Life in Europe." He will not go out of New England.

James M. Bailey (The Danbury *News* man), will read from his "Life in Danbury." He has never appeared in public. His first appearance will be in Danbury.

Bret Harte is now busy on his play for the Union Square Theatre. He will be in the field in November with the "Argonauts of '47," "Progress of American Humor," and readings from his own works.

"Eli Perkins" (Melville D. Landon) lectured 127 times last winter. He has prepared a new lecture, "The Philosophy of Fun," in which he will produce laughter and show philosophically how it is done—analyze it. Mr. Perkins' old lecture, "The Perkins Family," in which they say the humorist produces 100 laughs in 60 minutes, has been partly rewritten. Mr. P. takes the field in November. His next literary work will be a novel; after that a play.

Mark Twain will not lecture, but will read a limited number of nights from his published works. He will tell his whistling story, and describe "Buck Fanshaw's Funeral."

Anna Dickinson will confine herself strictly to the stage, appearing in New York in the autumn, and in Western cities during the winter.

Thomas Nast will stick to cartoons. He has such a dislike to the platform that nothing will induce him to take it again. He can draw big houses, but he chooses to draw them on paper.

John G. Saxe, the poetical humorist, will probably not take the lecture field next winter.

Mrs. Scott Siddons is in Australia. She will not return to the United States till late in the autumn. She has not yet informed the bureau whether she will read or not. Her place will be taken by Dr. J. J. Villers and Helen Potter.

Bayard Taylor is writing editorials for the *Tribune*. His lecture subjects this winter will be "Schiller" and "Ancient Egypt." He will make one Western trip.

Dr. J. J. Villers, the popular reader, will have three lectures: "Funny People We Meet," "Humorists; Past and Present," and "Eccentric Characters." In his readings he will personate John B. Gough, "Mark Twain," "Eli Perkins," "Josh Billings," "Artemus Ward," Dickens, Sol Smith Russell, and many others.

M. D. Conway is presiding over his little church in London, and will not return to this country for two years.

Paul du Chaillu will talk about "Among the Cannibals," "The Dwarf Country," "Lost in a Jungle," and "The Great North." He is writing a new book, which will be out in November.

"Grace Greenwood" will remain in Europe, from which place she is now contributing a series of letters to the New York *Times*.

Gen. Judson Kilpatrick, the impetuous cavalryman, will deliver his "March to the Sea," and a new lecture, "The Growth of a Century."

John B. Gough lectured 130 times last winter. His new lecture, "Blunders," will run again this year. Mr. Gough's prices are from $200 to $250. He is, perhaps, the highest-priced lecturer in the field, except Mr. Beecher, who usually receives $300, sometimes $600, and as high as $1,000 has occasionally been paid him for one lecture.

The general fees of lecturers are about as follows: Bayard Taylor, $125; Bret Harte, $125; "Eli Perkins," $100; Mrs. Scott Siddons, $150; Theodore Tilton, $150; Carl Schurz, $200; Nasby, $100; Mrs. Livermore, $100; Susan B. Anthony, $60; Ann Eliza Young, $100; "Mark Twain," $200; Elizabeth Cady Stanton, $75; Lillian Edgarton, $75; Dr. J. J. Villers, $75, and Nast, $150.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

IT is very certain that we cannot have too little of a bad thing. It is just as true that we may have too much of a good thing. Any substance with a high flavor soon palls upon the senses, if we have too much of it. No hungry man would care to sit down to a dinner of confectionery. Books made up of elegant extracts, or newspaper squibs, or miscellaneous anecdotes, are rather dry reading. There are certain excellent qualities of character, which some people have in excess. We know a few persons whose chronic amiableness is so intense as to make them repulsive. You do not care to see a man's or a woman's face wreathed with perpetual smiles. Others weary you by their solemnness,—wooden people, who mistake gravity for virtue. Some talkers offend you by their candor and communicativeness; others by their caution and reticence.

The man who censures without discrimination is of course a nuisance; and so is he who praises without discrimination. Even the Bible cautions us against being "righteous overmuch;" and once in a great while you fall in love with a saintly person, whose interest in the next world makes him oblivious of the duties which pertain to the present. There are good who give too much good advice, and sometimes wear out the patience of saints as well as sinners. Parents may exercise too much restraint over their children, and teachers demand too much study of their pupils. As a general rule, we have too much talk and too little action. Too many speeches are made at public dinners and anniversaries and meetings of all sorts. Clergymen are expected to preach too many sermons, and occasionally may preach too long. Lawyers are apt to traverse the universe in a case of petit-larceny. Physicians, until recently, gave too much medicine, but they are doing better now. Too many women try to live by needle-work, and too many men and women try to earn something by their pen.

We have too much so-called philanthropy, which, with the best intentions, only serves to aggravate the evils which it seeks to cure; and too many societies do the work, which would be much better and more cheaply accomplished by a few. If the percentage of receipts required by some of these great institutions in order to keep the machine in motion—expended in buildings and salaries, and agencies and stationery—were generally understood, we are inclined to think that many princely bequests now bestowed upon them would be directed to other uses.

LITERARY AND DRAMATIC.

DU CHAILLU is writing another book.

GEORGE ELIOT receives $60,000 for "Daniel Deronda."

ROBERT BUCHANAN, the English poet, is thirty-five.

MATTHEW NOBLE, the well-known English sculptor, is dead.

JOHN G. WHITTIER'S income is said to be only $1,000 per annum.

HARVARD has just conferred on Carl Schurz the degree of LL.D.

ALBINI is engaged for St. Petersburg at 80,000 francs ($16,000) for twenty nights.

M. RAJON, the famous engraver, has been engaged to execute a likeness of Carlyle.

MISS EMMA ABBOTT, of whom so much has been expected as a *prima donna*, has married a Mr. Wetherell.

BRICK POMEROY'S wife having acquitted herself with honors in amateur theatricals, will go on the stage.

A SON and namesake of the late Mark Smith, the actor, is to go on the stage next winter in Chicago.

LAWRENCE BARRETT, the Vokeses and Sothern have volunteered to play for the benefit of the Custer monument fund.

CHAS. FISHER, aged 65, was married on the 5th inst. to Miss Josephine Shaw, aged 20, an actress at the Fifth Avenue Theatre.

MISS MARY ANDERSON, of whom Western actress, will, we are informed, make a professional visit to New York next Spring.

THE August *Galaxy* has a striking picture of General Custer, taken from one sent by him to be used in his book, "On the Plain."

THE art of cooking has started its magazine in New York. It is entitled "American Cookery," and is edited by Laura E. Lyman.

THIS cruel report is current: It is rumored that Susan B. Anthony will now try the stage, as Desdemona, with Dr. Mary Walker as Othello.

THE Rev. S. S. LAWS, LL.D., a member of the Presbytery of New York, was inaugurated as President of the University of Missouri, on the 6th inst.

CLARA BAUER, the German novelist, is dead. Her stories were mostly of Russian life, and she wrote under the *nom de plume* of Karl Detlef.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE'S letter, condemning his brother-in-law for writing "A Study of Hawthorne," is creating a literary sensation in New England.

MRS. ANN ELIZA YOUNG has netted $50,000 from her lectures on Brigham and Mormonism and is preparing to tell some new things about them next season.

DR. HEYWOOD, dramatic critic of the New York *Sun*, has a musical extravaganza ready for production called "Rings." There is some hitch about getting it brought out.

MISS LILLIE ELDRIDGE, the young "American Juliet," is spending the summer at Cape May, where she will remain until the beginning of her traveling tour, September 1st.

MISS ELIZABETH THOMPSON, who painted the "Roll Call" and "Quatre Bras" has completed her "Balaklava," representing the return of the Six Hundred. It attracts much attention.

UNIVERSITY College, London, consented this year to admit ladies to the class in Roman law, and two availed themselves of the privilege. One of them took the first place at the recent examination, and the other is third in the list.

MR. HENRY VINCENT, the celebrated English lecturer, will pay a farewell visit to this country in this fall. He is expected to arrive in October. He will probably have one or two new lectures.

LOTTA knocks enough money out of the banjo to be able to afford to pay $2,000 for the rent of a summer cottage at Newport. It isn't everybody that can boast a cottage on the Atlantic and Pacific both.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON, a friend and admirer of Miss Anna Dickinson's, says of that lady's acting, that it is "like a great poem written in bad grammar or misspelt—the highest satisfaction failed for want of the lower."

MISS ANNA T. BERGER is spending the summer in New York at the residence of Mr. Arbuckle from whom she receives instructions on the cornet each day. Mr. Arbuckle has taken an interest in the young lady, and regards her as having a great future before her.

PROFESSOR SHEPPARD, in his lecture on Thackeray's works, to show the unreasonableness of those who find fault with Thackeray because he did not put more brains in his women, said that the same criticism had been made on Shakespeare, on Milton, and on God Almighty.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S new serial story gives foxhunters a rap over the knuckles. It opens with an intelligent American, named Gotobed, not understanding why it takes one hundred dogs to kill one fox, and why a farmer is not justified in poisoning Reynard if Reynard elopes with fowls.

WILLIAM BLACK, the novelist, who is coming to this country, will be accompanied on his visit by his wife. Those who have admired the exquisite character of *Shiela* in the "Princess of Thule," will be interested to know that Mrs. Black is the original from whom this pen-portrait was drawn.

ACCORDING to a gossipy letter-writer, George William Curtis, dainty, eloquent, and scholarly, is dependent on his salary from the Harpers; so is Mr. William D. Howell dependent upon his editorship of the *Atlantic*; Bret Harte, T. B. Aldrich, James Parton, J. T. Trowbridge, R. H. Stoddard, and T. W. Higginson mainly from fugitive writing, while Grant White has a place in the custom-house, E. C. Stedman is a stock broker, and other authors are obliged, more or less, to do practical things in order to support the luxury of literature.

REVIEWS.

BACHELDER'S POPULAR RESORTS—Jno. B. Bachelder, Boston. This is a delightful pen and paper trip to all of the popular summer resorts, combining a brief description of each and the routes of travel leading to them.

FIRE AND FLAME:—No. 51 of D. Appleton's Library of Choice Novels, translated from the German of Levin Shucking by Eva M. Johnson. A thoroughly good novel, wherein the struggles of love and pride are portrayed with strength and fidelity to nature.

A SONG OF AMERICA AND MINOR LYRICS, from the pen of V. Voldo, and published by Hanscom & Co., New York, presents a very chaste appearance. The title poem is rather overwrought, but some of the shorter pieces are written in a very smooth and happy vein.

ILLUSTRATED LESSONS IN OUR LANGUAGE, by G. P. Quackenbos, LL.D. D. Appleton & Co., New York. A little volume designed to teach young children to master the leading principles of English Grammar, without its technicalities, easily and thoroughly, because intelligently and practically. Like all of the author's school books, it is full and comprehensive.

THE WIDOW SEYMOUR.—This is a very neat volume written by William E. S. Baker of Germantown, and published by J. A. Wagenseller, Philadelphia. The story is told in choice language and is highly commendable for its descriptive word painting, pleasing humor and high moral tone. It cannot fail to benefit all who peruse it, and is particularly suitable to the young.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following new and choice music: From White, Smith & Co., Boston, instrumental, "Loefler's Lauterbacher;" "Governor Howard's March;" "Flowers of Paradise;" "Great Kanawa Galop;" "Governor Samuel J. Tilden's Grand March;" "Red, White and Blue;" "Hayes and Wheeler Grand March;" "Cadets' March." Vocal: "March Onward;" "The old man aint what he used to be;" "Come, O Sabbath, Free from Sorrow."

OLD GREEK LIFE, by J. P. Mahaffy. D. Appleton & Co., New York. This is one of a series of historical primers. The volume is as practical as possible, and is thoroughly adapted to the use of beginners. The subject is, at the same time, treated with such fulness as to render the work suitable for advanced classes.

LOGIC, by W. Stanley Jevons, M. A., LL.D. D. Appleton & Co., New York. This volume is of the same character as the preceding, being a science primer adapted to the use of the young and serving as an introduction to a larger work.

HEADACHE, LANGUOR AND MELANCHOLY generally from a Disordered Stomach, Costiveness, or a Torpid Liver. Each may readily be removed by Dr. D. Jayne's Sanative Pills, a few doses of which will be found to stimulate the Liver and Stomach to healthy action, remove all biliousness, and produce regular evacuations of the bowels.

DILLY AND THE BIG BLACK CAT,

By an Old-Fashioned Fellow.

There was once a poor girl named Dilly, whose family were all dead; and having to support herself, she lived with a spiteful old dame, whose name was Marthon, and who abused and scolded her from morning till night, till the fairies decided to punish her for her cruelty. So one day there came to the door a great, awkward, freckled, lounging lad, who asked Dame Marthon to let him stay and work for her, and was so simple, that he agreed to do all the work on her farm for threepence a week. So the dame, laughing to herself, suffered him to stay; but that night he took a pinch of salt from her salt-cellar, and scattered it over everything in and around the house, saying, "Skemo, skimo, intery, mintery, cutery, corn;" and at that the tongs clashed, and the tables danced, and the pump squeaked, and everything said, "We are yours, and will obey you."

So the next morning before light, the dame waked up with a queer sensation in her toes, and sitting up in bed, discovered that her shoes had placed themselves on her feet of their own accord; and before she had time to think of it, the shoes had whisked her shrieking up the chimney, and perched her on its top, where she sat covered with soot, and squalling dismally for help, but quite unable to stir, till Dilly had made her fires, and got ready the breakfast, when the dame made her appearance in the kitchen. Now, for her own breakfast, she had ordered a cup of coffee and a chicken; but Dilly and the strange lad were to have nothing but some old crusts, and sour milk, sitting outside on the steps. Hardly, however, was the old woman at the table, when away went her chicken and coffee, and plumped themselves before Dilly and the boy, while the crusts and sour milk stood before the dame. She tried to rise, or call out, but could neither speak nor stir; and while she sat there helpless, she saw the chicken and coffee going down her servants' throats. She determined after breakfast to give Dilly a beating, but her hand stuck fast to the handle of her broomstick, and she could not get it away; while, though she tried her best to scold, not a word could she speak, but only sat in her chair, shrieking with rage, and glaring wickedly at her handmaid; and when Dilly had finished the work, and commenced to sew, it was still worse, for at every stitch the old woman twisted and screamed, because the needles ran into her flesh.

As there was no living like that, Dame Marthon determined to go and find an old witch, who should in turn punish Dilly, by turning her into a black cat. So she got out her hood and cloak, and her cane from the corner, and trudged away in the forest; and meeting a man driving along in his wagon, she asked him where the old witch lived.

"Go on three miles further," said the man, "and then turn to your right and cross the brook three times, and the third time turn to your left, and go another mile, and you will see what you will see;" and away he drove, as fast as his horses could gallop.

Of course Dame Marthon could tell little about the road by such directions as that; but she determined to trudge ahead, and see what would come of it. The way was very rough—going straight up a steep hill—and she was quite out of breath, and the sun coming out, shone so hotly that she was quite faint. Coming to a spring, she thought that she would take out her lunch from her pocket, and then she found that she had lost it. She tried to drink of the water, getting down on her knees and carrying it in her hands to her lips; but leaning too far forward, bobbed heels over head into the stream. Spite of so many misfortunes, she was still quite determined to persevere, so angry was she with Dilly; and though every bone ached after her ducking, she trotted forward as fast as her old legs would carry her; but presently she came to a great thicket of thorny brambles, growing higher than her head, and so close together that she tried in vain to force them apart, and only scratched herself, till she screamed with pain. So she was obliged to turn back again, and hobbling along, sulkily enough, she met a girl singing.

"Where does the old witch live?" asked Dame Marthon.

"Oh," said the girl, staring, "you had better not go there; she is an evil old dame, and plays everybody a trick that comes near her."

"That is my business," answered Dame Marthon, crossly. "All you have to do is to answer a civil question—if you know how."

"Well," said the girl, laughing, "if you will go, turn down this road, and walk till you see three trees growing on one trunk, and there you will find her."

Then the dame turned down the road, and hobbled along as fast as she could, looking all the way for three trees growing out of one trunk, till at last the road ended against a great rock.

"I must have passed it," thought Dame Marthon. And back she went, looking still sharper than before, and so busy about it, that she ran against another old woman, coming along the path.

"Mind what you are about, can't you?" said this old woman, in a squeaking voice.

"You had better mind what you are about!" answered Marthon, in a rage. "You have almost knocked the breath out of me."

"You ought to be home and in your bed, since you are so blind you can't see!" said the stranger-woman.

"I am not blind, and I can see!" screeched the dame; "only I wasn't looking for any such miserable object as you."

"And what were you looking for? Haven't you asked everybody you met where to find the witch, and torn your face in the brambles, and got a ducking, in trying to find her; and now you are such an old idiot that you do not know me when you see me! What do you want of me, Dame Crosspatch?"

Marthon was much frightened to think that she had spoken so rudely to the witch; and answered very softly, "Oh, dear Mrs. Witch, I hadn't the least idea that it was you, or I should have been more civil. You see my temper is quite spoiled, though I used to be the best-natured creature in the world, by the wickedness of my girl Dilly; and she has tormented me so lately, that I have come to ask you to please to turn her into a black cat; an ugly one, if you please, Mrs. Witch—a very ugly one."

"But why don't you send her away? I wouldn't turn anyone into a cat, if I were you," said the witch.

"But no, no," cried Marthon, stamping on the ground. "I will have her turned into a cat!"

"Very good," said the with. "Go home and say, 'The witch thinks it best that I should turn you into an ugly black cat!' Now see if you can say it."

"Of course I can," said Marthon; and commenced in a hurry, and instead of saying what she was told, said, in her haste, "The witch thinks it best that I should be turned into a black cat!"

She had hardly spoken the words, when there she stood—the ugliest cat that ever yowled. But Dilly lived in comfort for the rest of her days.

A CURE FOR INDIANS.

When Mark Twain, in 1867, resigned his clerkship to the United States Senate Committee on Conchology, it was partly caused by his tender of the following advice concerning the treatment of the Indians in the West: "I next went to the Secretary of War, who was not inclined to see me at all until he learned I was connected with the government. If I had not been on important business, I suppose I would not have got in. I asked for a light (he was smoking at the time), and then told him I had no fault to find with his defending the parole stipulations of General Lee and his comrades in arms, but that I could not approve of his method of fighting with the Indians on the Plains. I said he fought scattering. He ought to get them more together—get them together in some convenient place, where he should have provisions enough for both parties, and then have a general massacre. I said there was nothing so convincing to the Indian as a general massacre. If he could not approve of the massacre, I said the next surest thing for an Indian was soap and education. Soap and education are not so sudden as a massacre, but they are more deadly in the long run; because a half-massacred Indian may recover, but if you educate him and wash him it is bound to finish him some time or other. It undermines his constitution; it strikes at the foundation of his being. "Sir," I said, "the time has come when blood-curdling cruelty has become unnecessary. Inflict soap and a spelling book on every Indian that ravages the Plains, and let him die."

THE BELLS OF LIMERICK.

The old bells that hung in the tower of the Limerick Cathedral were made by a young Italian after many years of patient toil. He was proud of his work, and when they were purchased by the prior of a neighboring convent near the lake of Como, the artist invested the profits of the sale in a pretty villa on the margin of the lake, where he could hear their *Angelus* music wafted from the convent cliff across the water at morning, noon, and night. Here he intended to pass his life; but this happiness was denied him. In one of those feudal broils, which, whether civil or foreign, are the undying worm in a fallen land, he suffered the loss of his all; and when the storm passed he found himself without home, family, friends and fortune. The convent had been raised to the ground, and the *chefs-d'œuvre* of his handiwork, the tuneful chime whose music had charmed his listening ear for so many happy days of his past life, had been carried away to a foreign land. He became a wanderer. His hair grew white and his heart withered before he again found a resting-place. In all these years of bitter desolation the memory of the music of his bells never left him; he heard it in the forest and in the crowded city, on the sea and by the banks of the quiet stream and in the basin of the hills; he heard it by day; and when night came, and troubled sleep, it whispered to him soothingly of peace and happiness. One day he met a mariner from over the sea, who told him a story of a wondrous chime of bells he had heard in Ireland. An intuition told the artist that they were his bells. He journeyed and voyaged thither, sick and weary, and sailed up the Shannon. The ship came to anchor in the port near Limerick, and he took passage in a small boat for the purpose of reaching the city. Before him the tall steeple of St. Mary's lifted its turreted head above the mist and smoke of the old town. He leaned back wearily, yet with a happy light beaming from his eyes. The angels were whispering to him that his bells were there. He prayed: "Oh, let them sound me a loving welcome. Just one note of gratitude, O bells! and my pilgrimage is done!"

It was a beautiful evening. The air was like that of his own Italy in the sweetest time of the year, the death of the spring. The bosom of the river was like a broad mirror, reflecting the patines of bright gold that flecked the blue sky, the towers, and the streets of the old town in its clear depths. The lights of the city danced upon the wavelets that rippled from the boat as she glided along. Suddenly the stillness was broken. From St. Mary's tower there came a shower of silver sound, filling the air with music. The boatmen rested on their oars to listen. The old Italian crossed his arms and fixed his streaming eyes upon the tower. The sound of his bells bore to his heart all the sweet memories of his buried past; home, friends, kindred, all. At last he was happy—too happy to speak, too happy to breathe. When the rowers sought to arouse him, his face was upturned to the tower, but his eyes were closed. The poor stranger had breathed his last. His own *chefs-d'œuvre* had rung his "passing bell."

CHARACTER.—How difficult is the human mind according to the difference of place! In our passions, as in our creeds, we are the mere dependants of geographical situation. Nay, the trifling variation of a single mile will revolutionize the ideas and torrents of our hearts. The man who is weak, generous, benevolent, and kind in the country, enters the scene of contest, and becomes fiery or mean, selfish or stern, just as if the virtues were only for solitude, and the vices for a city.

RECREATION does not mean idleness and it may mean labor. A wise man will so arrange his labors that each succeeding one shall be so totally different from the last that it shall serve as a recreation for it. Physical exertion may follow mental, and then give place to it again. A man equally wise in all other hygienic measures, who could nicely adjust the labors of mind and body in their proportions, might hope to attain old age with all his mental faculties fresh and vigorous to the last.

TREASURES.—If a young person will begin, and persevere in the practice of learning by heart, say four lines of good poetry every day, there will be laid up, in the treasure-house of memory, fourteen hundred and sixty lines in a year. So of facts, and various kinds of information. All great things are done little by little. Atoms make worlds. The greatest fortunes consist of farthings. Life is made up of moments—and a succession of well-spent moments makes a well spent-life.

DYING.

BY DELMADI.

Quick! take my poor, weak hands in both thine own,
And look upon me lovingly once more;
Speak to me now in fond, caressing tone,
As first I journey to the other shore!
Above there'll be no parting like to this,
Which causes fast and bitter tears to start;
Oh love! life seems so full of joy and bliss,
I would that we were not so soon to part!

Hold fast my hands in thine, so full of life,
And let their touch be with me till I die;
Sweet, had I lived to be thine own dear wife,
Still harder would it be to say good-bye;
And yet those words soon must I say, dear heart—
Must bid adieu to all I hold so dear;
But, darling, from thy soul I'll never part,
For always my free spirit will be near.

Time was when I would feel it bliss to die—
Thy arms around me and my hands in thine;
Yet now, when all Life's brightness seems so nigh,
It is not joy to feel I must resign
My all; for thou art to me all in all,
And life with thee would be so full of light,
Yet soon must I be covered with a pall—
Laid in a grave with darkness, gloom and night.

And I *must* leave thee! yes, I know it well
That these cold, heavy drops on lip and brow
Tell me that I must say my last farewell—
Must say it soon; yes, say it even now!
Oh, love! how can I bid a last adieu
To all I love when life is bright and fair?
How can I leave thee, tender one and true,
Alone and grief-worn in this world of care?

Oh, do not moan so! kiss me, love, again;
Fold closer still thine arms around me, dear;
It grows so dark—yet I can feel no pain;
It must be Death that comes; I do not fear
Him now; do not forget that I shall help
Watch o'er thy footsteps, wheresoe'er they be;
Kiss me once more, love; now I'll go to sleep
To wake no more—good-bye, dear love, good-bye!

JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER.

By Miss M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

[This story was commenced in No 36, Vol. 35. Back numbers can always be obtained.

CHAPTER XXII.

"TWO SOULS MAY SLEEP AND WAKE UP ONE."

It was about a week after Mr. Pentreath had begun Werther, and he was now approaching the end of the story, when he came to the minister's house at his usual hour, and found Cynthia sitting alone in the parlor. Naomi had a headache, and had gone upstairs to lie down. It was not often that Joshua Haggard's daughter gave way to to any such feminine ailment, and it was a surprise to Oswald to find her absent. He had been riding among his farms all the morning, looking at ancient tiled roofs that had a tendency to subside in the middle; at barns and cart-sheds, with mouldering thatches and worm-eaten timbers; at enclosures of meadow-land, where primroses, cowslips, and wild hyacinths grew abundantly, but where the grass was sour for lack of draining.

"I wanted her to rest on the sofa here," said Cynthia, "but she fancied she would be better in a darkened room. She has been looking ill for the last few days. I am sometimes afraid"—timidly and without hesitation—"that she is not quite happy."

"I am afraid we are none of us quite happy," said Oswald, with an undisguised sigh.

Cynthia's needle travelled to and fro with the usual rhythm. It seemed to Oswald as if it were some weary tune to which he was forced to listen.

"Shall I go on with Werther?" he asked presently, after he had looked at the stocks and carnations, and over them at the sleepy old Inn, where the landlord stood in his porch and contemplated his neighbors, like an image of immutability. People who could remember Combhollow twenty years ago, remembered just the same figure in the porch. It had grown a trifle more obese in the twenty years, that was all.

"I would rather you had waited till Naomi was well enough to hear the end," said Cynthia.

"But are not you anxious to know what become of that unhappy wretch?" asked Oswald, almost angrily.

"I pity him for being so wretched," answered Cynthia; "but I think if he had been good, and wise, and brave, he would have gone far away where he would never have seen Charlotte any more. Instead of writing unhappy letters to his friend he would have prayed to God to help him, and fled from temptation."

"You will see that in the end he did go away—very far from Charlotte and temptation. But you have seen him in the heat of the battle: you will see him by and by a conqueror—or conquered—whichever you like to call it."

"Will you let me read the end for myself? You can read it aloud to us both when Naomi is better."

"No; you shall hear the end, as you have heard the rest—from my lips."

"But Naomi—" expostulated Cynthia.

"I will read it again to Naomi. Why should I not read it to you this afternoon? You have been more interested in the story than Naomi."

Cynthia made no further objection, but went on with her work silently. Oswald took his favorite seat by the open window, in the shadow of the chintz curtain, with the spicy odors of stocks and carnations floating in upon the sultry air. They had the room almost entirely to themselves. Aunt Judith came in and out two or three times in the afternoon on some small errand, and looked at the two with a curious expression in her sharp black eyes—a look which might have set Oswald thinking had he been observant enough to notice it. But he was deep in the sorrows of Werther, who was fast approaching his final agony, and Cynthia was listening as she had listened that other day in the wood, with her hands lying idle in her lap, and the glossy white linen she had been working upon crumpled in a heap under those idle hands.

"Very nicely Joshua's new shirts will get on at that rate, and she so eager to set about them," mused Judith as she went back to the shop, with close-locked lips. "To think that novel-reading and such abomination should flourish in my brother's house! But what else could be expected of such a marriage? Lucky for Joshua if nothing worse comes of it."

Oswald read on, in nowise disturbed by Miss Haggard's entrance to look for an account book in the bureau, or to get her thimble from the chimney-piece. He had come to that scene of abject passion—self-abandonment and despair—when Werther, having resolved to put an end to his misery, comes in the winter evening to see his idol for the last time. Forgetful of herself for the moment, Charlotte reproaches him for coming. She shrinks from the idea of being alone with him, and recovers her self-possession with an effort. She seats herself at her harpsichord, and begins a minuet; then asks Werther to read to her his own translation of a part of Ossian, which he brought her a few days ago. Perhaps no scene in the wide range of sentimental fiction surpasses this in restrained power, in suppressed passion. Not a whisper, not a thought of impurity sullies the picture from the first line to the last: there is only a fatal, irresistible love.

"She tore herself from him, and in hopeless bewilderment, trembling between love and anger, she cried: 'This is the last time, Werther! You must see me no more.' And casting a look full of love upon the wretched one, she fled into the adjoining room, and shut the door behind her. Werther stretched out his arms about her, but dared not detain her. He lay upon the ground, his head on the sofa, and remained in this position for half an hour, until a sudden noise recalled him to himself. It was the servant, who came to lay the table. He walked up and down the room, and when he found himself alone again, went to Charlotte's door, and called in a loud voice: 'Lotte, Lotte! only one word—farewell!' There was no answer. He waited, and knocked, and waited again—then tore himself away, crying, 'Farewell, Lotte! Farewell, for ever!'"

Cynthia sat listening with dilated eyes and hands tightly clasped, as if the whole scene were reality—as if she could see Werther there, at her feet, grovelling on the ground. There stood the open harpsichord at which Charlotte had been playing. The vivid picture shaped itself before her eyes: the winter evening and home fire-lit room; the hopeless sinner lying there unpitied and alone, the suicide's dark resolve in his mind. And Charlotte knew not his fatal intention. She refused him the poor comfort of a last farewell. No hand was stretched out to save him. It was too awful a picture.

Cynthia clasped her hands before her face, and burst into tears. In the next moment Oswald was on his knees beside her, trying to unclasp those small nervous hands.

"You pity *him*," he cried, passionately; "pity me, then, for I suffer as he suffered; I love as he loved, and yet have courage to live, and go on fighting with an invincible passion—though I feel the struggle is vain—and try to be happy with another—yes, to hold firmly to the tie which once promised happiness, and which now means only bondage. Pity me, Cynthia, pity *me*—not that poor shadow in the book, who lived and suffered, and is dead and at rest—for there was such a man. Pity me, Cynthia, for I have loved you and have been fighting against that love ever since that sweet time before my father's death, when you came to his sick-bed as an angel of mercy, and brought woe unutterable to me."

CHAPTER XXIII.

"IT IS MY OWN STORY."

He had poured forth his confession in a torrent of words not to be arrested by Cynthia's choked sobs or look of horror, or the pleading gesture of her tremulous hands.

"Oswald how can you be so cruel?"

"Cruel! Is it cruel to suffer, to be miserable, to know myself the worst and weakest of men, and to hate myself—as I do, Cynthia, from my soul? Do you think I have not struggled? Yes, and conquered myself after a fashion. I am going to marry Naomi, and we are to be a happy couple, as married couples go nowadays—happier than nine out of ten, perhaps, for at least I can admire and respect my wife, and I once believed I loved her, before I knew you and the hidden depths of my own heart, and the meaning of that word 'love.' Yes, we are going to be vastly happy. The builders are doing wonders for our house, and we shall be thought much of, and looked up to by the neighborhood. I may keep a pack of hounds, very likely, by and by, and teach my wife to ride across the country. I am not going to shoot myself as Werther did."

"Why did you read that book to me?" asked Cynthia, with a piteous accent that thrilled him. It sounded like an admission of weakness—a faint cry of despair.

"Why?" he cried, trying to take her hands in both his own. "Can't you understand why? Because it is my own story; because it was my only way of telling you my love; and I burned to tell you. It was an irresistible longing. I could not keep silence any longer: somehow—in some language, if not in plainest speech—I must tell you. And now bid me die, my Charlotte, and I will slay myself like Werther. Only say to me, 'Life would be easier for all of us if thou wert dead,' and I will not live another day to disturb your placid existence. I am your slave, dearest—your abject, obedient slave."

"If you are," said Cynthia, trembling violently, and paler than the wood anemones she had gathered to deck the old Squire's sick room,—"if you are, you will obey me. Never speak to me again as you have spoken to-day—forget that you have ever been so wicked. Ask your Saviour to give you a better heart, and respect my dear husband and his daughter."

Before Oswald could answer, honest Sally entered with the big mahogany tea-tray, knowing no more of the thundercloud of passion in the atmosphere than the maid who laid the supper in the story of Werther. Mr. Pentreath had risen from his knees to pace the room after that last speech of his, and there was no extraordinary picture offered to the eye of the hand-maiden. Cynthia folded her work even more carefully than usual, but with hands that trembled sorely. She smoothed the white linen garment which had progressed so slightly towards completion this afternoon, and laid it in its allotted place, and took her stand by the window, watching for her husband's return. She tried to seem at her ease, but not the faintest tinge of color relieved the absolute pallor of her face. Strangely was that face changed from the radiant countenance that had welcomed Joshua Haggard at Pennoyle, one little year ago.

Oswald walked up and down the parlor while Sally set out the homely feast—a big loaf in an iron tray, a brown butter-pot of Wedgwood ware, a dish of lettuce and overgrown radishes. Anon appeared Miss Haggard; and had either Oswald or Cynthia been in an observant mood, they might have remarked that the industrious Judith had not paid as much attention as usual to her afternoon toilet. The corkscrew curls were somewhat roughened, the large mosaic brooch, which she was wont to put on by way of evening dress, was missing.

"I think I'll go and have a look at the builders," said Oswald, taking up his hat. "I'll come round again in the evening, perhaps, and see how Naomi is."

No one attempted to hinder his going; so, after a brief adieu to the two ladies, he departed, leaving Werther lying on the little round table by the window. Cynthia took up the volume, and turned eagerly to the page at which he had left off reading.

"Ah!" sighed Miss Haggard, "that's the worst of novel reading. It grows upon people."

Cynthia neither heeded nor heard. Her thoughts were with the suicide who was roaming bareheaded in the winter night, outside the gates of the little town, not knowing whither or how long he wandered.

Joshua came in while his wife was standing with the open book in her hand, absorbed, unconscious of his entrance.

"Why, little one, how pale you are," he said, in that gentle tone which his voice assumed unwittingly whenever he spoke to his wife. "I missed your welcoming look as I came across the street."

"There's too much novel-reading in this family," snapped Judith. "You mustn't expect things to go on as they ought, if you let the young squire bring bad books into your house."

"This is not a bad book," said Cynthia, indignantly. "It is a beautiful book."

"I say that it is a bad book," answered Judith, fiercely. "And I've good reason to know it—a book that puts bad thoughts into people's heads. Gainsay me if you dare, Mrs. Haggard."

Cynthia's white face turned from her dumbly. What did she guess—what had she overheard? Something, assuredly. Deepest shame took possession of Joshua's wife. She felt the burden of her guilt—she who was only the passive object of an unauthorized passion.

"Why, Judith, Cynthia, what is this! Who would dare to bring a wicked book into my house; my son that soon is to be, above all? And if he were capable of doing such a shameful thing, would my wife read the book?"

"It is not wicked," said Cynthia, handing him the offending Werther. "It is a story of sorrow—not wickedness. If stories are to be written at all, they must tell of sorrow—and human weakness, and sinfulness. Even the Bible tells us that life is made up of these."

"Very much so," remarked Judith. "There's nothing the Bible says about human nature's wickedness that human nature doesn't faithfully carry out."

Joshua took the book and glanced at it helplessly. He was not able to take a bird's eye view of plot and style, swoop upon a catchword here and there; and straightway make up his mind that the book was altogether vile, after the manner of certain modern critics. He turned the leaves thoughtfully, saw a story told in a series of letters, much talk of the beauties of nature, a little philosophy, some mention of a country pastor, and children—their innocent gambols in rustic gardens, their affection for a kind elder sister, bread and butter, village life, a pastoral air altogether: not a bad book assuredly, decided Joshua.

"I do not think, my dear Judith, that you are a very acute judge of literature," he said, mildly.

"Perhaps not," assented Miss Haggard, with a faint moan. "But I hope I am a tolerable judge of human nature."

"I can trust my future son's honor for not bringing any ill-chosen book into my house; and I can trust my wife's purity well enough to know that it would revolt against anything evil."

"Nothing like trustfulness in this life," remarked Judith, sententiously, as she took up the teapot.

Now a general proposition—indisputable in its nature though vague in its drift—flung out in this way, has a tendency to instil disquiet into the most tranquil mind. There was not much in the words, but the tone meant a great deal; most of all, a kind of scornful pity. It was like that remark of Iago's anent Michael Cassio's honesty. The plainest, most straightforward observation; yet dropping the poison seed of doubt into the heart of the listener.

CHAPTER XXIV.

HAD SHE FORGOTTEN.

Joshua Haggard looked at his sister's pursed-up lips wonderingly, and then at his wife's pale face, in which there was an expression that was new to him.

Great Heavens! what did it mean? Not guilt; not the slightest taint of evil? No; he could never believe the faintest shadow of evil of his beloved—not even the most venial deceit, the smallest double-dealing. She was the purest of the pure; pure as the most saintly damsels of old—the women who ministered to the apostles in the sweet early dawn of Christianity. He could admit her to be no less pure than these—as white a soul—unsullied by human frailty. He had preached the sinfulness of the human heart—it was the very key-stone of his creed—a sinful humanity in need of being called and regenerated, chosen and purified, redeemed by a vicarious sacrifice. But here he was false to his own theology—he would not admit of original sin in this one pure soul. Love had issued his imperious edict, like a papal bull, and this one woman was to be without sin.

"My love, you are trembling," said Joshua, taking his wife's cold hand, after a long and earnest scrutiny of the pale sad face. "There must be something amiss in the book if it has agitated you so."

"It is a very sorrowful story," she faltered; "I could not help crying—at the end."

"Oswald must bring you no more books to make you unhappy. I heard you all laughing pleasantly one afternoon when he was reading some Scotch book, about an old gentleman and his dog. He must bring you only pleasant books. In a world where there is so much real sorrow, it is foolish and even wrong to waste our tears upon story-books. That is one reason why I have always tried to keep such books out of my house."

"I will never read such stories again," said Cynthia, earnestly. "Only tell me how to please you, and I will be obedient in all things."

Judith sighed audibly. It was the way she had at times, and always exercised a depressing influence upon her family circle.

"Is there anything wrong, Judith?" enquired the minister.

"No, brother; it's only my chest."

This was her invariable answer; but as medical science had never yet discovered anything amiss in this region—not so much as a brief attack of indigestion—the reply was generally accepted as a sort of formula, and her sighing was taken to mean something which Miss Haggard did not choose to communicate.

"My dearest, you have always been obedient," said Joshua, pressing his wife's little hand. "I have never been dissatisfied with you. But I do not like to see you low-spirited about a foolish book, written by some weak-minded German," said Joshua, with a sublime ignorance as to the pretensions of the great Wolfgang.

"Try me with some hard thing," exclaimed Cynthia with increasing earnestness; "put my gratitude and affection to the proof. Do I forget what you have done for me—how you saved me from heathen ignorance? how I owe you all that I am and all that I hope to be? *Could* I be ungrateful to you, my benefactor and my deliverer?"

Had Judith Haggard been a student of Shakespeare, she would have quoted Ophelia's remark upon the player-queen, inwardly or audibly—

"Methinks the lady doth protest too much!"

But, as her sole notion of the poet was that he had been rather a low and loose-lived person who wrote plays, and glorified much drinking of sack and canary as a cardinal virtue, she relieved her feelings with another sigh, deeper than the last.

"Don't mind me, brother," she said, "it's only my chest."

Joshua neither heard the sigh nor the excuse; his eyes were fixed upon his wife's white face, down which the gathering tears rolled slowly.

"Ungrateful, my love!" he cried; "have I ever claimed gratitude from you? My part has been to thank God for having given me so dear a companion. Only be happy, my darling; that is the sole obedience I ask from you. Let no foolish fancies out of books disturb your peace of mind. God has given us real happiness, dear; let us be thankful for it and value it, lest the cloud should come upon us because we have made light of the sunshine."

He drew her to him and kissed her tenderly; and in that hour at least there was no shadow of distrust in his mind.

It was some time before Oswald saw his betrothed after that last reading of Werther; and the book remained a broken story for Naomi, who knew not the issue of Werther's fatal love. Cynthia carried the volume up to her own room, and read it, and wept over it in secret, and then hid it under the little stock of ribbons and feminine prettiness—all of the simplest, most puritanical kind—which she had acquired since she had been Joshua Haggard's wife. She put the book away out of sight, as if it were a guilty thing, feeling that it had brought her face to face with a guilty secret. But for the book, those wicked words of Oswald's might never have been spoken. The sad—the awful, inexplicable guilt would have existed, all the same, in the depths of two erring hearts; but it might never have found a voice. Werther had given form and language to that mysterious and sinful passion—bitterest proof of poor humanity's ingrained iniquity.

"Not by ourselves can we escape sin," she cried, on her knees, in abject self-abasement. "We are nothing of ourselves: not even faithful to the most sacred ties—not even true to our own affections—not even pure or constant. Only by thee, O Redeemer!—only by Thee can we escape the snares our erring hearts set for us; only through Thee can we break loose from the bondage of original sin. Oh, pity him, spotless Saviour—pity this helpless sinner; pity me, for I love him." She was not afraid to carry this secret sorrow, sinful as it was, to the foot of the cross. Her husband's theology had taught her that Calvary was the sinner's altar—his temple of expiation; the threshold of Heaven, on which all guilty hearts could lay their burdens down, and pass, purified from earthly stain, and liberated from earthly chains, through the golden gate beyond it. The deeper the guilt, the surer welcome for the penitent.

Cynthia's guilt was but a thought—a fond, weak yielding to a dream of impossible happiness; a sinful regret for the things that might have been. She had not stood firmly against the insidious approach of the tempter; she had suffered him to steal upon her footsteps unawares; she had shut her eyes and refused to see the dangerous vision. Passion was an unknown element in this purely sentimental and poetic nature. Love, for Cynthia, could never mean storm and fever, guilt and ruin; but it might mean corroding remorse, a slow and silent despair.

When had she first discovered that something amiss in her placid life—that little rift in the lute which made life's music dumb? Closest self-examination would have scarcely enabled her to answer that question. It might be, perhaps, that on the morning when Oswald parted from her at her husband's door—in the blank sorrow of his face with its look of mute appeal, in the tears he had shed upon her hand as he clasped it in his own—she had faintly understood a secret which was to become plainer to her by and by. The thought, vague though it was at first, had brought sorrow.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THACKERAY said, "I can't help telling the truth as I view it." In which he was not a whit more virtuous than the rest of us; the only trouble is that in this enlightened age we can view the truth in any light and shape that we want to.

FARM AND GARDEN.

BRAZIL has 70,000,000 sheep. The total number of sheep in the British Islands is 31,000,000.

The *Practical Farmer*, speaking of a wash for bodies of fruit trees, recommends the following: 1 ounce of copperas to 8 or 10 gallons of water forms a good wash, and is advised for trial as a preventive against blight. One pound of bleacher's soda and one gallon of water forms a wash that cleans off all insects, and leaves the trees with fresh, young looking, healthy bark.

PEANUT oil, first made in the South during the war, is now in large demand. It supplies the place of almond and olive oils for various uses, and is lower in price, retains its purity and flavor for a long time, and is less susceptible to the effect of light than olive oil. The oil is extracted entirely from the meat of the nut by pressure, the refuse being used as cattle feed or a fertilizer.

THERE are but very few farms where no ditching is required, and it must be done in dry weather. Let your crops be attended to so that in August you can put men to ditching where it is needed. Many a swamp can be made as good as any land on the farm, by draining in a judicious manner, and every man must be the judge of how deep and how far apart the ditches should be made, according to the amount of water to be carried off and the fall.

IT is better to make barley a spring crop. If fall wheat happens to be a failure, the ground may be replowed and sown to barley very conveniently and profitably. There is no better crop than this with which to seed down to clover or timothy. Barley is imported from Europe to supply our markets, and this fact would imply that its culture ought to be profitable. As feed, a good crop of barley is more profitable than oats, and there is no grain better for horses, pigs and poultry. It thrives better under heat than oats, but must have a good soil and clean tillage. If you have these, we know of no reason why you may not grow this crop with profit. If you can raise 20 bushels of wheat per acre, you ought to procure 40 bushels of barley.

A HOUSEKEEPER thus gives what is, in her opinion, one practicable and delicious mode of escape from the evils of an enormous peach crop: Take the thoroughly ripe, mellow fruit, scald and remove the skins; place the halves on an earthen or suitable metal surface; sprinkle over them a little good sugar, and dry rapidly by a high heat; or they may be scalded in syrup, skimmed out and dried. Then pack in close vessels, and they will keep for years in any climate, provided you keep your fingers off them, for they are really delicious, and are less cloying than common raisins.

THE best way to make bees cluster where you want them, when they swarm, is to tie two or three small branches of cedar trees to the tops of stakes about six feet long, and set them near your bees. Make holes with a crow-bar larger than the stakes, which should be set slanting, bringing the cedar branches in a position so that the bees will hang on the under side of them, and let the stakes be so loose in the ground that they may be drawn out without disturbing the bees or causing the cluster to fall to the ground. On swarming, the bees will generally cluster on the branches, then spread a sheet under them and place the hive upon it, with the front side raised on blocks of wood two or three inches, then gently raise the stake, hold the bees over the sheet in front of the hive, give the stake a sudden shake and the entire swarm will fall and enter the hive.

THE *Gardener's Chronicle* says: "Where water can be commanded, there is nothing so profitable as to well soak the soil about small fruits, just about the time they have set their fruit. Much of the value of this operation, however, will depend on the nature of the soil. The advantages are least in a tenacious and greatest in porous soils. It is said that an animal derives much benefit from food when it is hungry before it begins; it is certainly so with plants. Water applied to soil already wet is an injury, and water never has so telling an advantage on vegetation as when every leaf is about to be withered up for want of it. A plant that never seems to want water is in a very doubtful condition in regard to its health."

AFTER THE RAIN.

BY OLE O'MARGERINE.

Through severed clouds the sun, bright boy,
Sings in his heat and holds his sails,
And every brook seems drunk with joy,
And staggers through the slippery vales.

The long grass nods his drowsy head,
A happy sigh with every dip;
A rain-wine drop, with light o'erspread,
Hangs swelling on his longing lip.

The trees swing out their dripping hands,
Imploring to each flying cloud,
While where the barn-yard wide expands
The tipsy hens and roosters crowd

The owl believes that day is night,
Mistakes the sun for favored moon,
And brighter birds and doubly bright
All joyous pipe a double tune.

MORNING VISITORS.

BY GEORGE GREY.

"My dear, I certainly feel that it is our duty to take advantage of the day and pay some calls," said Mrs. Pendergros, impressively, as she toyed with some grapes on her plate, the last course of a luxurious lunch of which she and her daughter had partaken alone, and almost in silence. Miss Laura was not in a talkative humor that morning, and Mrs. Pendergros had learned to respect her daughter's "reflective moods," as she called them, for in the family Laura Pendergros was considered a beauty and a genius—the latter being attributable to some presentable paintings in oil accomplished by the young lady, and for the former do we not all know that "the beauty" in American families is petted, humored and indulged as among the Circassians?

"More visits, mamma; how wearisome this eternal round of visiting becomes! No sooner do we pay all our calls than the tiresome people come again, and then it is all to be gone over," and Miss Pendergros, having delivered herself of these treasonable sentiments, opened wide her pretty mouth, and indulged herself in an unequivocal yawn.

"My child, you forget that there are certain duties which we owe to society," replied Mrs. Pendergros, firm in the righteousness of her cause, "although Mr. Wilkins discoursed with touching eloquence upon 'our duty to our neighbor,' and who is our neighbor if Mrs. Bellen is not, whose land almost joins ours, and whom we have not called on since her dinner party?"

"And who asks us to her balls in town, if we pay our calls prettily during the summer—or Mr. Vaughan whose land *really touches* ours on one side, and who is 'lord of all he surveys' from the windows of his castle on the hill? Really, mamma, old Prissy Blane's garden lot joins our place, and we never thought of calling on her as a neighbor," said Laura, almost seriously, "suppose we have the carriage out and drive to her cottage and leave cards and compliments, with a basket of grapes."

"You are welcome to take Prissy as many grapes as you wish," replied Mrs. Pendergros, smiling blandly, but in no way disconcerted, "but that will not relieve you from your duty to your other neighbors, since it pleases you to call Prissy one."

"I see that my logic and charity are alike disregarded this morning. Will you not relent, cruel mother, when I tell you that I have a new picture on my easel, and that it is absolutely necessary that I should take advantage of the beautiful hazy light that hangs over the hills to-day?" said Laura, gazing dreamily out of the window toward the far-off hills, and nearer woods golden and crimson in their autumnal glory, and bathed in the light peculiar to the season.

"No, even that excuse will not answer, Laura, for you can study lights and shadows from the carriage window far better than at home, and I am afraid that the pile of new books that came from Carleton's last evening would prove more attractive than your painting; so go and dress, while I order the carriage and make my own toilet."

"I cannot abide the Bellens, and they are really not considered very aristocratic!" cried Laura, letting fly a Parthian arrow as she quitted the room.

"Here come those odious Pendergroses!" exclaimed Evelyn Bellen, looking up from the roses and lillies which she was elaborately reproducing in zephyr, while real roses and lillies hung over the piazza and terraces without unheeded.

"Do you wish to escape?" This, with a shrug of her shoulders and a quick glance toward a young gentleman, who sat by her side with a book in his hand, evidently paying a protracted morning call at Oaklands. "There is time if you wish to go, and if you will amuse yourself in the library we can take our drive later; they will not stay long."

Mr. Vaughan had looked a trifle bored a moment since, but now his face brightened suddenly, for his artistic eye had caught a glimpse of a pretty head and a tall, graceful figure descending from a carriage; but he only said: "No, thank you, Miss Bellen, I will stay and 'face the music,'" inwardly ejaculating, "who would escape when such a pretty girl as that is in the question!"

Mrs. Bellen, entering the room, from another door, at the same moment as her guests, hastened to receive them with warm expressions of welcome, thinking to herself the while: "These horrid Pens are always coming in when they are not wanted, and Laura, with her artistic airs and graces, will try her powers upon young Vaughan. They will ask him to dinner at Brookstone next, and all my trouble will be for nothing. Coming in, too, just when he and Evelyn are getting sociable over Tennyson and zephyr-work—Evelyn always looks so pretty at her work!"

"My dear Mrs. Pendergros, it is an age since I have seen you or Miss Laura either. Where do you hide yourselves? I looked for your faces in vain at Mrs. Nelson's dinner. Allow me to present Mr. Vaughan to you, etc.," while the younger ladies bent their heads over Miss Evelyn's embroidery, and the latter expressed the great pleasure that Miss Pendergros, who was "so artistic," found her work pretty, adding, with a glance toward Mr. Vaughan, "I cannot paint beautiful pictures like Miss Pendergros, so I must be content to make my poor little flowers, stitch by stich."

"They are very pretty and graceful," said Laura, who was an honest young woman; "but why, when you select your colors, do you not try to get them just as they are in nature? Compare the shade of your roses with that of those around that pillar."

"Ah! you are too critical, Miss Pendergros," said Evelyn, poutingly, "picking my poor little roses to pieces with your artistic fingers. Mr. Vaughan could find no fault with them a moment since."

"Yes, and they are beautiful; but I see what Miss Pendergros means about the color of the roses. Yours are not a true shade, although very pretty when not contrasted with real flowers."

"Horrid thing, just like her!" thought Evelyn, while she said a trifle loftily, "I always trust to the French woman at Isidore's to select my colors; her taste is generally supposed to be perfect. Have you been painting any of your enchanting pictures lately, Miss Pendergros?"

"I have a little study on hand now," said Laura, "but have not had time to touch it for days."

"Oh! if I had your charming talent I would shut myself up in my studio, and be so cross that nobody would dare to disturb me," said Evelyn, while Mr. Vaughan could scarcely refrain from smiling at the warmth and interest with which she spoke to one who had been an "odious Pendergros" a few moments before, thinking that this was a strange circle to which his uncle's will had summoned him from the western wilds, where he had been rusticating, sheep raising and gold seeking for seven years or more.

So the talk went on, thin, flimsy and unprofitable, Evelyn mistaking it on her side of the room, for Laura said little, looking so much, however, that Guy Vaughan, for one, thought conversation on her part quite unnecessary, while the dowagers on the sofa discoursed, as only dowagers can, of housekeeping, husbands, children, churches and of people, not a little, until Mrs. Pendergros' voice was heard saying:

"Come, Laura, it is delightful here; but we must not encroach longer upon Mrs. Bellen's valuable time. She no doubt wishes to drive this lovely morning, and we have many visits to make."

"Pray do not hurry away," exclaimed the other lady; "we have a long day before us, and we do not see you every day, Mrs. Pendergros," thinking, "of all the days in the week why should you have happened in on this particular one? Mr. Vaughan is evidently pleased with that pert Miss Laura."

"It was wearisome, but it did not last long," said Evelyn, as the carriage drove away.

"Miss Pendergros seems to be a very charming young lady," remarked Mr. Vaughan, unwisely.

"Do you really think so, Mr. Vaughan. For my part, I cannot see the attraction, and the idea of any girl of the present day wearing her hair in that absurd fashion! I suppose she feels privileged to let it stream over her shoulders in those wild ringlets, because she daubs a little in oils."

"'Alas for the rarity of Christian charity!'" mused Guy Vaughan, somewhat later, as he drew home to his lonely "castle on the hill," as Laura Pendergros had dubbed it. "That other girl is a beauty; she looked honest, too, and did not *'put on'* much. What hair and eyes she has! I do not wonder that Miss Evelyn hates her!"

"What an unusually pleasant visit we had!" exclaimed Laura, as they drove through the beautiful grounds of Oaklands.

"Had *you*? I found Mrs. Bellen duller and more preoccupied than usual. She seemed to be listening to your conversation all the time. By the way, who is that common-place looking young man who was talking to you? I did not catch his name when he was introduced to us."

"Rank treason, mamma; that was Mr. Vaughan! Did you not see how Mrs. Bellen's maternal and match-making soul was perturbed by our appearance upon the scene?"

"No; but that accounts for her preoccupation. Really, I did not take a good look at Mr. Vaughan. He certainly has nice manners. It must be his dark complexion that makes him look a trifle rough."

"He was out West trying to make his fortune, when his uncle's death recalled him to civilization and a *ready-made* fortune. Mr. Vaughan 'has charms,' mamma, 'to soothe a savage breast,' like Orpheus. Did not Evelyn Bellen whisper to me over her work that he was *'sweet,'* and that there was such a romantic interest about a person who had suddenly come into possession of a fortune."

"Certainly, my dear. By the way, you are looking particularly well to-day. Margot certainly made a happy selection in that dress, and it fits you *a merveille*. Papa must call upon Mr. Vaughan. It is only kind to pay some attention to a stranger coming into the neighborhood."

"I wonder if Mr. Wilkins could have had Mr. Vaughan in his mind when he preached that sermon on duty to one's neighbor, last Sunday," said Laura Pendergros, demurely.

"Certainly, it was very *a propos*," said Mrs. Pendergros, in an absorbed tone. "I wonder if we had not better give a little company before the city people leave the neighborhood. Papa will shake his head and object to the expense; but there are some duties that we must perform, let the expense be what it may."

"An evening party would never do," said Laura, thoughtfully; "Mr. Vaughan can only indulge in mitigated gayety, being in mourning for an uncle to the extent of ever so many thousands."

"Sure enough, I had lost sight of that." (Oh! Mrs. Pendergros, lost sight of what?) "It must be a small dinner then, a very small one."

"And shall we have the Bellens?"

"Yes, I suppose we shall have to, they invited us to *their* last dinner."

* * * * * * *

"Dearest, I abhor visiting and visitors," said Laura Pendergros, now Laura Vaughan, some months later, as she put her hand on her husband's arm, and strolled with him through the grounds of the "castle on the hill."

"Who had you in the drawing room just now? The sound of very animated conversation reached my ears, although I could not distinguish any particular voice but yours?"

"The Bellens, of course, profuse with their congratulations, and admiration of the place, and things generally. You know that I never liked them, and they detest me, now, more than ever."

"How can they detest you, my love, and why now more than ever?"

"You are laughing at me, Guy; do you really not know why?"

"I protest that I do not."

"Why, because I married you, sir, the only eligible young gentleman in the neighborhood. I have reason to think that there were others who would have accepted you, and said 'thank you,' too, not solely on account of your personal attractions, either, although those are known to be great," said Mrs. Laura, with a toss of her graceful head.

"I was considered a desirable *parti*, as Mrs. Bellen would say, when I came into the neighborhood, was I?"

"Of course you were, Sir Innocent, did you never suspect that when you were dined, and feted, and made much of by mothers of families?"

"I confess that it dawned upon me in course of time."

"I wonder, Guy, that you did not leave it all in disgust, and return to the wilds of the West," said Laura.

"Simply because there was one woman who did not dissemble or make much of me, but who 'drew me on to love her' unconsciously, by the glance of her soft blue eyes, and the threads of her golden hair."

"Very prettily said, sir, and I am glad that you did not go, and I am better pleased still that you did not think me quite—quite like the others, Guy," said Madam Complacency, readjusting her jaunty garden hat, which had been unaccountably displaced during the foregoing conversation.

"Here come some more visitors, and all the twaddle and nothings will have to be gone over. This is the worst part of getting married, Guy!"

"Decidedly, I see no other disagreeable side," said the young man, gallantly, "and this trial should be borne with patience, I think, when we remember that it was, while doing our duty in that way, that we first made each others acquaintance."

"Very true; but confess, sir, were you not reading Tennyson to Evelyn Bellen, when we came in and interrupted your *tete a tete?*"

"I confess that I was; but nevertheless I enjoyed my visit far more after the interruption, as you call it."

"Really?" with a blush and pretty pleading gesture, "then come and enjoy another morning call with me. It is the Finns, and Mr. Finn always talks agriculture to me, until I have not an idea in my head. Come and help me, Guy?"

Needless it is to say that Guy went, for the honeymoon had not begun to wane, beside which Guy Vaughan was, as his friends said, "absurdly in love with his new possession."

ADVICE TO LADIES.

In marrying, make your own match; do not marry any man to get rid of him, or to oblige him, or to save him. The man who would go to destruction without you will quite as likely go with you, and perhaps drag you along. Do not marry in haste, lest you repent at leisure; do not marry for a home and a living, when by taking care of your health you can be strong enough to earn your own living. Do not place yourself habitually in the society of any suitor until you have decided the question of marriage; human wills are weak, and people often become bewildered, and do not know their error until it is too late. Get away from their influence, settle your head, and make up your mind alone. A promise may be made in a moment of sympathy, or even half-delicious ecstasy, which must be redeemed through years of sorrow, toil, and pain. Do not rush thoughtlessly, hastily, into wedded life, contrary to the counsel of your best friends. Love can wait: that which cannot wait is something of a very different character.

HERE AND THERE.

When the young ladies hand you a card nowadays with the cabalistic letters Y. M. C. A., it means "you may call again."

"If you wish to visit the tomb of your country's father just jump into my carriage," said a Washington hackdriver to Don Pedro.

"Mike, and is it yerself that can be after tellin' how they make ice-crame?" "In troth I can. Don't they bake them in cowld ovens, to be sure?"

At the marriage of an Alabama widower one of the servants was asked if his master would take a bridal tour. "Dunno, sah; when old missus's alive he took a paddle to her; dunno if he take a bridle to de new one or not."

A German being required to give a receipt in full, after much mental effort, produced the following:—"I ish full. I wants no more money.—John Swackhammer."

I know a tender word of Latin tongue,
Whose praises bards throughout all time have sung—
"Tis "*Amo.*"
Yet sweeter would I know, which gives to two
The joy that in the first one only know—
"*Amamus.*"

"Isn't that a beautiful piece of music?" said one of Mrs. Clogger's female boarders, as she turned from the piano. "I like it very much," replied Jones, "particularly those long roots that occur through it."

A woman in St. Louis, who started to jump in the river and drown herself, suddenly remembered that she had left the cat in the pantry, and hurried back home. She afterwards said: "The idea of my struggling in the water, and thinking that cat was a-licking the cream off'n my milk in the pantry at that very minute, was more'n I could bear."

A little Kentucky boy said to his mother the other morning: "Ma, I had the beautifulest dream you ever saw. I dreamt I wouldn't go to school, and that you went out into the yard and cut a great long switch, but just as you were going to give me an awful dressin' the world came to an end! Didn't I get out of that though!"

An English lady, visiting the Philadelphia Exhibition saw a "Great sale of Domestics" advertised in a newspayer. "Bless my 'eart!" said she; "Hi thought they'd habolished slavery 'ere, you know."

"How much for the broad-faced chicken on the fince?" inquired an Irishman of a farmer. "That's not a chicken—it's an owl," replied the farmer. "I don't care how could he is; I would like to buy him," said the Irishman.

The lightning struck a Patchogue darkey on the head on Sunday morning last, but he refused to budge an inch, and muttered doggedly, "Dat makes free times I se been hit, and now I shouldn't wonder of it hit me alone."

A little boy being asked by his Sunday-School teacher to give an account of the Garden of Eden, said it was "a nice big place full of beautiful things, with a man put in it to watch it, and keep everybody from pasting bills on the trees."

"Ma, has aunty got bees in her mouth?" "No; why do you ask such a question?" "Cause that little man, with a heap o' hair on his face, catched hold of her, and said he was going to take the honey from her lips; and she said: 'Well, make haste!'"

KISSES.

My love and I for kisses played—
She would keep stakes, I was content;
But when I won, she would be paid—
This made me ask her what she meant.
Quoth she, "Since you are in this wrangling vein,
Here, take your kisses; give me mine again."

A criminal who escaped in Texas has written a letter to an officer of that State, asking for a pardon, saying that he "prefers a pardon and a quiet life to stage robbing."

Too Late.—The other day, after a man had entered a street-car and dropped his nickle in the box, a boy came running after the car, and called out:

"Jones, oh, Jones, your wife has got another fit."

Jones stepped to the door, looked around with a perplexed air, and called back:

"Well, it's too late now! I've paid my fare and I don't propose to let this corporation get ahead of me!"

At the Centennial celebration of one of the New England towns the chairman called upon "our esteemed fellow-citizen, Colonel Boozer," to make a few remarks. The Colonel, who was pretty heavily loaded, "commenced firing," after the following style:

"Fetter-et'eens, or hundred years 'go th' Injuns were thicker 'n——'round here"—

Here one of the committee noticing the Colonel's condition, shook his head as a hint for more elegant language, which the speaker, construing into a denial of his assertion, turned fiercely on his adviser and continued:

"Tell ye they were—thicker'n flies 'round m'lasses cask. Why, a man couldn't go out to weed his garden 'thout gettin' the seat of his breeches stuck full of arrers"—

Here, amid a general roar, the Colonel was persuaded to postpone the remainder of his speech.

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STRANGE MATCHES.

It is an historical fact that Frederick of Prussia formed the idea of compelling unions between the tallest of the two sexes in his dominions, in the hope of having an army of giants. The reader will, in all probability, recollect the following ludicious incident. It so happened that, during a rather long ride the King passed a particularly tall young woman, an utter stranger. He alighted from his horse, and insisted upon her delivering a letter to the commanding officer of his crack regiment. The letter contained the mandate that the bearer was instantly to be married to the tallest unmarried man in the service. The young woman was somewhat terrified, and not understanding the transaction, gave an old woman the letter, which was conveyed to the commanding officer, and this old woman was, in a short time, married to the handsomest and finest man in the crack regiment. It is not necessary to say that the marriage was an unhappy one—particularly so to the old woman.

In this connection comes another anecdote. A rich saddler directed in his will that his only child, a daughter, should be deprived of the whole of the fortune unless she married a saddler. A young earl, in order to win the bride, actually served an apprenticeship of seven years to a saddler, and afterwards bound himself to the rich saddler's daughter for life. But the union was anything but a happy one; the bride, neither by birth nor breeding a lady, reflected little credit on her bridegroom's choice; and repeated quarrels were followed by separation. So it is with all unequal matches; gold and brass wont unite. Common sense says: "Young folks, marry within the boundary of your social and religious circle."

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AMERICAN PROGRESS

THE FASHIONS.

As we gave directions concerning the choosing of a toilette suitable for the sea-shore, we shall in this issue, give a few suggestions concerning costumes suitable for

MOUNTAIN TRAVEL.

In the first place you need a travelling dress that will be neither too warm for that part of the journey, which must be passed over, before reaching the cool mountain regions. Nothing answers the purpose so well as glossy brown or grey mohair, which will also shed dust, and is not made draggled by a sudden shower. It is best to make such a suit with one or two knife plaitings at the bottom of the underskirt; an overskirt and a sleeveless basque to be put on, if a sudden cool change of temperature should come on.

A brown straw hat, shading the brow, is the most desirable head-gear, trimmed with a long scarf-veil of brown silk grenadine, which can be worn around the throat, thus giving additional protection from change of weather. In the matter of toilette, if you intend to remain any time in the mountainous regions, be sure to have one or two little flannel sacques prettily embroidered or braided, and some merino stockings to prevent a coldness of the feet, which is one of the greatest troubles in sudden changes of the weather.

We commend a gossamer waterproof cloak and large hood attached; several pairs of strong boots of thick kid, washed with waterproof dressing; some buck-skin gauntlets and a stout climbing stick or cane. Of this last, too much praise cannot be given, when one experiences the genuine aid it is in climbing steep places.

We are sure our readers will appreciate the practical value of these few hints, should they put them to trial. One thing we omitted, and that is a hood or cowl of flannel or cashmere, red or blue; this will be found most comfortable for evening rambles or expeditions to the tops of peaks to see the sun rise, which latter jaunt is usually accompanied by much blueness of lips and chattering of teeth, as one stands expectant, waiting the coming of the "God of day."

COMBINATION SUITS

still retain their popularity. *Batiste* and the thicker percale share the tide of general favor. In plaided and plain percale combinations, we have noticed quite a pretty thing in the way of suits made in this wise: The underskirt of plain brown percale, with two gathered flounces, each about six inches wide.

The overskirt of plaided brown, that is a brown ground, crossed in inch squares by lines of cream color. The bottom of the overskirt is cut up in strips at the bottom, of two inches in width, and five inches in length, these strips are lined with plain brown, and every other one is turned under, doubled midway of the length.

A pleated pocket, with plain figures, tri-cornered in shape, and set on at the sides, the points meeting in the middle of the pocket, is placed low down on the right side.

The sleeveless jacket is cut as form, and of the plaid, being plain in the back, but having the bottom of the fronts cut in the form to match the overskirt. High round collar lined with brown, finishes the neck. Sleeves of plain brown, with pleated cuffs of plaid.

This is a very neat way of making such suits. A charming dress of pale blue silk grenadine, having cross-barred stripes of silk, is made with a deep flounce on the lower skirt headed with cream-tinted Irish lace. The deep over-skirt is square in front and has a ruffle of seven inches depth, edged with Irish lace. The front and side widths are separate from the back width, and the ruffle mentioned extends up the sides, closing over the pleated back width behind. The waist is a plain cuirass, round in shape, and simply corded with silk on the edge. The sleeves are trimmed with ruffles of the grenadine, edged with lace. Two bows of blue ribbon are placed on the skirts of the basque low down. A ruffle of lace finishes the neck.

A suit for a child, to be worn in the country or by the sea-side is of blue serge, with kilt-pleated skirt, and an over-dress of plaided brown and cream-tinted mohair, buttoned down the front, and looped in the back by a wide plaided sash of blue and brown. A wide leghorn hat, trimmed with loops of cream colored grenadine, interspersed with small bows of brown ribbon, is now with this suit.

Pet a boy of six or seven, a blouse of striped linen, gray ground, with black stripe, is made to reach almost to the knee; knee-trousers of the same, fall just below the knee, and are trimmed up the outer seam, with two rows of small vegetable ivory buttons of black and white. A sailor hat of gray straw with black ribbon around it, and a white leather belt, with oxydized buckle, completes the suit. For little boys and girls, light dressing gowns of chintz are useful. They may be cut after a Gabrielle pattern, having a "real" pocket on one side, and a sham one on the other.

A deep pointed collar with revers is pretty for the finishing of the neck. A belt of the same, doubled and stitched on both sides by machine, is better than strings, or a cord and tassels.

These light gowns for summer need not be dried, and are useful when running to and from the bath-house. In winter they should be double and lined with flannel or merino.

Little dressing slippers of velvet, without heels and trimmed with a box-pleated quilling of ribbon or braid are serviceable, and may be sewed on to cork soles.

It is nice to encourage the little daughters and nieces to make such articles themselves.

Baby dresses are not made nearly so long as they used to be—three-quarters of a yard being deemed ample length.

Cloaks formed of one or two capes, and made of fleece-lined pique are useful for infants, wear in the summer months.

ODDS AND ENDS.

A curious fashion prevails in France, of wearing scarf veils of grenadine, folded and passed across the forehead, falling in long ends behind. Sometimes these are white, and it is even said, red ones are used.

The high-peaked Tyrolean hat is given the preference abroad. It has one side turned up. Although according to some authorities, the *toque* or turban hat is returning to favor, so many varied styles of hats and bonnets prevail that no one mode can be said to have decided precedence.

Bands of narrow ribbon and velvet are now worn filleted about Grecian coiffures by some.

Belt ribbons from two and a half to four inches wide are worn around the waist and tied in loops, having long ends falling at the left side.

The loose chatelaine belt is sometimes only a silver cord, from which depend the fan, vinaigrette, etc.

The Calcan net has returned, being of silk soutache to match the color of the hair.

Black and white dresses, brightened with cardinal bows are popular.

For young ladies not beyond their first season out, the long-necked "baby waists" have returned.

Ovenfresses of cream-tinted muslin are fashionable at the watering-places.

Black and white Neapolitan lints share favor with French chips.

Deep maroon color is said to be "the" tint for the coming season.

Thanks are due Messrs. Horner & Colladay for information received.

OUR WORK TABLE.

We give instruction in the making of some very durable "table mats" for ordinary use. The materials for six mats are a half-yard of gray American cloth, and half-yard of deep scarlet; a yard of closely-woven Burlaps; some strong paste with gum and alum in it; some pieces of scarlet or gray Mohair braid, such as is used for the bottom of skirts. Cut with a sharp shears, using a paper strip—if your hand is not steady, and your eye "true"—for pattern your American cloth into strips of a third of an inch wide. Take about twenty of these alternate gray and scarlet; pin one end down upon a large flat book or board; this is only to secure their lying flatly; next take a strip of either color, and commence as near the pins as possible, working it across the strips,—over one, under another. For second row, take the strip of the other color and braid in a similar manner and so on, until the mat is the size you desire. It is a good plan to have the six mats graduated. Fasten the ends all around with stitches lightly put in, for they are only to be temporary. Next paste securely a piece of Burlaps on the under-side of your mat. Let it dry under pressure, so as to make the mat flat. When dry, shape the edges, squarely, oval, round or oblong. Round or oval are best. Bind with the braid, and afterwards press with a heavy hot iron on the under side, and if you have followed directions your mats are a success.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Jane I.—Your long ostrich plume can be dyed, but as white feathers are in vogue, why not have it cleaned? Yes, it can be done here.

Mrs. D. M., California.—The suit will cost you $17.00, including express charges.

Mary R.—We cannot commend the cosmetic you speak of.

NIRON.

☞ *Other letters remain to be answered in our next.*

WOMEN are generally better creatures than men. Perhaps they have, taken universally, weaker appetites and weaker intellects, but they have much stronger affections. A man with a bad heart has been sometimes saved by a strong head; but a corrupt woman is lost for ever.

"A RETROSPECT."

BY M. M.

I saw her gathering roses on a lawn,
And wondered what a gift the God had given;
Her cheek, the hue of a fair summer dawn,
Her eyes, the calm of even.

I saw her next upon a holiday,
And won her dear love on you sunny crest;
While golden clouds grew crimson, crimson grey,
And the winds sank to rest.

Later I saw, with these tear-drowned eyes,
Or in celestial vision seemed to see,
How some bright angel from the blessed skies
Had come to wed with me.

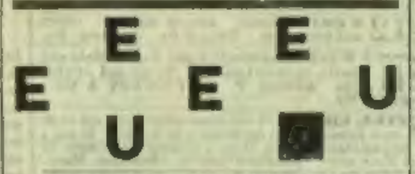
One year—and then I saw a baby dead;
On the white pillow where she, dying, lay,
And seemed a-listening, till her little maid
Might call her soul away.

I'm now alone; but sometimes in the night
Around my head familiar voices roam,
And win me, with a mystical delight,
To dream I am at home.

ABOUT THE PRIZE PUZZLE.

The answers to this puzzle are coming in at a lively rate. Thus far, no two are alike, and none are correct. Please remember the terms of our offer, which is made in good faith, and will be kept, to the letter. To the regular subscriber who shall send the correct answer to the puzzle below, before October 1st, we will give

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS.



We shall in due time publish the answer and announce the name of the winner, if any is fortunate enough to find the solution. Of course all who become subscribers before October 1st have the opportunity to compete. We can not fairly give information by letter or otherwise which will aid any body, and therefore decline answering such questions as "Is my solution correct?" until the time expires. It is to be a fair trial of wits, and will furnish pleasant study for many an hour.

MILLIE'S PROPOSAL.

BY ZERELD.

"But, Silas, I don't like such quiet ways, and all that sort of thing. Just look at her now,"—and Farmer Grey's wife pointed to a trim little figure standing before the old-fashioned glass, in the large, cheerful sitting room. "First a blue bow, and then a pink; just trying the effect, you see. Law! what shall we do with the child? 'Vanity! vanity! all is vanity!' saith the preacher," she concluded, with a sigh.

"Now, wife, if I've asked you to stop such talk once, I have a thousand times. There's no more vanity about Millie, than there is about the flowers of the field. It is just as natural for her to look pretty as for them; and I'm glad that there's one on the place"—glancing at his wife's checked apron and calico dress—"that's got pride enough for themselves and the old homestead here to dress up a bit."

"That means me, I suppose?" said Mrs. Grey, her fine dark eyes twinkling with merriment. "But I fancy if some folks I know of had spent as much time furbelowing as do some other folks, Silas Grey wouldn't have as many acres of land, or as much hard cash. Now, sir, what have you to say to that?" she continued, her arms akimbo, and looking him full in the face, with all the matrimonial dignity possible.

"You are right, I suppose, as usual; but there is no need of such drudgery now; and, for my part, I like to see Millie careful and tasty about her dress. I never thought, when Cousin Ben died and gave me his daughter to bring up and educate, that I should become so attached to her. But I love her as well as my own children, bless her sweet face and kind heart."

"I did hope, a little while ago, that she might become ours in earnest," replied his wife; "but she and Philip don't seem to take to each other the least in the world."

"None of your match-making now, wife. That's something I always set down as the very worst kind of mischief. Philip never would do for her. He's dry and studious, always seeking the quiet places of life; while she—the butterfly—cannot live without sunshine and change. Don't even think of such a thing."

The object of this conversation, after having twisted the roses tastefully among her nut-brown curls, walked out to the portico, where a young man, apparently about thirty, sat quietly reading. The face expressed great force of character; and yet Philip Grey would not be called a handsome man. There was an absence of warmth, a sad, inexplicable something about the features, which challenged pity and respect, rather than admiration. The cloud lifted a little, as Millie walked towards him, gaily singing, but soon relapsed into its former gloomy appearance.

"Reading, forever reading," she said, archly peeping over his shoulder. "'Jean Paul,' again, too, upon my word! Let's take a walk, Phil, it will cheer you up."

"It is almost too damp, Millie," he replied, without looking up from his book.

"Then let's go for a ride, and we'll have a quiet talk on the way."

"The roads are in too bad a condition from the recent rains, to make a ride enjoyable," was the next negative.

"Well, then, put aside that stupid book, and let's talk here."

"As you will," he replied, closing the volume, while a sad smile gave, for the moment, a more intensely earnest expression to his face. "What shall we talk about?"

"Yourself!" came impetuously from the girl, who, in a second of time, had seemed to change from the child of volatility and mirthfulness into an eager, practical woman.

"Any other subject you please, but not that," came slowly from his lips, which in some strange way, seemed to form an iron fastening to the man's soul.

"I choose that subject; and if you will not converse upon it, I shall talk to myself," she said, pettishly. "In the first place, you are not the man you were a year ago. What has changed you, Philip Grey?"

"Really, Millie, you are incorrigible. My life, as you know, has run very quietly. With the exception of a few months in Philadelphia, you know every detail of my existence."

"Did you have any trouble there?" she asked in a somewhat peculiar, though imperious tone.

"No, Millie. I do not know what trouble is, in the literal sense of the word. You entirely misunderstand me. My profession is an earnest one, requiring a vast amount of mental effort, and occupying, as you well know, the greatest part of my time. A doctor's life, my dear girl, is not an easy one; and, Millie, you must excuse me if familiarity with death and earnest study have made me uncompanionable."

"But you never go out with me any more; never take me when you visit patients; and never tell me you love me. I'm tired to death of living under such circumstances." And the impulsive girl burst into tears.

"Millie," and the shapely hand moved magnetically over the fair head,—"you know that I have always loved you; but I was never very demonstrative; and then—" What the young man intended to say, his companion had no idea, for, rallying, he concluded, banteringly—"But you are a little goose to fret your precious little heart over such an unsocial fellow as I am. Come! come! no more tears. I think I was never partial to the character of a Niobe."

"No, nor to anything else but your old books. I never will shed another tear so long as I live, never mind how you act, Frank Lester is coming home with Will to-night, to spend his vacation, and if we don't have some fun it's very odd to me! *He'll* take me riding."

"Frank is very wealthy, I understand," remarked Philip, keeping his eyes fixed on the young girl, who had wiped every trace of tears from her eyes, and now, with a half-reproachful, half-resentful look, stood before him the very incarnation of love and pride.

"Yes, he's rich, and intelligent, and kind-hearted. I'm *so* glad he's coming!"

"In love, Millie?" returned her companion. "I thought so last summer."

The hot blood rushed to cheek and brow; and turning her back upon the anxious face, she replied—"One of your sternly cold nature is probably no judge of another with a different temperament. Friendship would make me more demonstrative than love ever would you, supposing for a moment it were possible for you to experience the tender passion. But I must go and practice; Frank likes my French songs, and I haven't sung one for weeks."

"'Cold!' 'Possible to experience the tender passion!'" murmured the young man, taking his hat and walking down to the wood.

The shades of evening gathered about the comfortable old homestead before Philip thought of returning, and when he entered the house, the family were assembled at the tea-table. His younger brother, then just entered at college, with his friend, Frank Lester, (the latter seated by the blushing Millie), did not notice Philip's entrance until he was about to take his accustomed seat; then greetings were many and hearty.

"Phil, old fellow, you don't exactly grow old, but you are decidedly careworn. Fallen in love with one of your interesting patients, eh?"

"It is said," replied Philip, "that love comes once to everyman, but I do hope the winged god will not flutter round my heart until I have given up business, and have found sufficient time to attend to him."

A laugh followed this sally, in which all joined but Millie. She evidently had not forgotten the conversation of the afternoon. This vacation was to be a gay one! pic-nics, parties, and rides. Farmer Grey looked on and shook his head dubiously. Millie was going it a little too fast to suit him, but it wouldn't do for any member of the family to hint such a thing. There was not an hour of a pleasant day but she was either galloping over the hills with Frank, or chatting with him in the cool porch. Wherever Millie was, there Frank Lester was sure to be.

"Something strange about the child's behavior," murmured the old gentleman, as Millie, just returned from a long ramble, leaning on Frank's arm, walked up the path leading to the house.

Philip, as usual, engaged with a book, did not appear to notice the pair, until accosted by the young gentleman.

"Phil, what is the matter with you," he inquired, seating himself on the bench beside him. "You are making yourself dreadfully exclusive. I almost fancy that you are displeased with me about something."

"Stuff and nonsense!" replied Philip, impatiently. "If I have come to be such an ogre, I shall immediately take up my quarters elsewhere. It is anything but pleasant to be so suspected." And a grave frown suddenly overspread the countenance of the studious man.

"Put my foot in it, with the very best of intentions," growled Frank, as Millie, radiant in white muslin and cherry bows, made her appearance in the sitting-room.

"What have you done, now?" she exclaimed, as she saw at once that something was wrong between the two.

"Nothing, but driven Philip out of the house. *That* isn't much, certainly."

Every particle of color faded out of the young girl's cheeks, as she listened to her companion's account of the conversation. No one knew better than she, that Philip's word was to be depended on. He was evidently wounded in a tender place, and in this exceedingly morbid state, such a step was not to be wondered at.

"*Au revoir!* Cousin Phil," laughed Miss Millie as, an hour after, she brushed past him, on her way to the carriage.

"Millie, come here a moment," he said gravely. "It is not necessary to use that word 'cousin' so frequently to remind me that you and I are distant relatives."

"Is that all you have to say?" she asked, looking into his face, wonderingly.

"Every word, Millie."

"What upon earth do you mean? I certainly do not understand you?"

For a moment Millie looked almost as serious and grave as her companion, and in a twinkling she was smiling as ever.

"It is my turn to say good-bye, now. I hope you will enjoy your ride."

"No doubt about that, Phil! *Au revoir* again;" and the girl, wondering and perturbed, yet hiding all under a semblance of gaiety, jumped into the carriage, and was driven rapidly off.

Many were the excuses made by the family for Philip; but not one of the number had the least inkling of the cause of his strange behaviour. The next day, Mrs. Grey, in a flood of tears, informed Millie that Philip was going to live at the house a mile down the road, and would give no reason for such a change.

"Do try and persuade him to remain, Millie," she added, anxiously. "I am so put out about by what he has told me, that I'm not fit to sit up; but, child, don't look so pale about it; perhaps he won't go, after all."

"Now, I believe, said Millie, to herself, "that the foolish fellow is in love with me; and I know that I have been with him a long while. He's going to leave, because he can't bear to stay here, and see me apparently in love with another. I'll tell you what you'll have to do, Millie Grey—propose! I never could see why it was unwomanly, and it surely cannot be in this case. Because he sees fit to ruin his own happiness, and mine also, it is no reason why I should let him. So here goes."

Millie then put on a determined look, and quitted the room without a reply, leaving Mrs. Grey in a state of wonder at her conduct.

A stern "Come in," answered Millie's knock at Philip's study door.

"What are you doing, Philip?" she asked, as her eye rested upon the young gentleman, vainly endeavoring to pack a large library of books into a very small box.

"Not much, Millie; only endeavoring to prepare things, in order to move."

"Move? move where?" she inquired, in apparent surprise. "Is there room enough for me where you are going?"

Philip looked eagerly up into the arched face of the beautiful girl, and then, as if dejected in something wicked, ruefully surveyed the volumes scattered about the floor.

"Why don't you answer me, Phil?" was the imperative demand.

"Don't be foolish, Millie."

"*Foolish*, Phil, do you say? Let me tell you something. If you persevere in this project, I solemnly declare to you that I'll pack my things and go away too."

"Millie!"

"Philip!"

"I don't exactly see how you can marry me and Frank too," he replied, with a faint glimmering of the truth.

"Oh, Frank? you have never thought I would marry him, have you?"

"I most certainly have, Millie."

"Oh, you stupid fellow! There isn't a man on the face of the earth I would be willing to marry except—except——"

"Who, Millie? for mercy's sake, speak quickly," exclaimed the excited Philip, seizing her little hands eagerly.

"Except yourself!"

"Who'd 'a thought it," said Farmer Grey, when informed of the new arrangements.

"Lor! *I* always knew it," retorted his wife.

Frank looked blank for a few moments—that was all—and acted as groomsman at the wedding.

THE HIGH FORCE.

BY J. P. WOOL.

I am dying. The doctor says I may last a month, or may not live through the night. I feel weak, very weak. I don't *fear* death, but I cannot die without confessing a crime that has blighted my life—a crime whose heinousness is such, that I doubt not you will deem my narrative the wild creation of a fevered brain.

Many years ago—it seems so far back that I can scarcely realize that I am the same person as the happy, careless athlete of those days—I lived in a northern city. Many years ago it seems, but I know it is only two, two little years—they might have been as many centuries—I had a friend, Charles Walton. We rowed in many a race together; we were almost brothers; and yet—and yet—ah me! It was one very sultry evening in June, just two years ago, Charles and I were in training for the local regatta, and were out on the river in a pair. We had rowed over the course, and were resting on our oars and talking over our chances of winning.

Just where we rested, there were houses on both sides of the river. On one side, tumble-down tenements, relics of the good old times when our present style of architecture was unknown; ragged, uncomfortable, squalid, and yet picturesque, their embayed windows overhanging the river. On the other side, a new row of houses stood in all the glory of their freshly laid on stucco. A roadway ran along the bank of the river in front, and a sort of terrace formed the approach to these houses.

My attention was suddenly riveted to a slight figure leaning on the railing that protected the terrace.

Ah, that evening! How well I remember it!

The glory of the sunset gradually fading in the twilight—the river slowly growing darker and darker as the shades of night drew on—that angel face—that fairy form—all—all come back to me now!

Better far that I had died then than lived till now!

But something tells me my time is short. I must proceed.

I found out *her* name—Harriet; never mind her surname. I saw her again and again. A chance meeting at the house of a friend procured me an introduction, and I was in the seventh heaven of delight.

I saw her often—very often. We went to church together, with her aged mother; visited the various places of amusement in the little cathedral town; and when the winter had bound the river in its rigid embrace, often we sped together hand in hand over the glistening ice.

One afternoon, when skating with her, a chance rencontre with my friend Charles, whose society I had rather neglected of late, gave me no choice but to introduce him to my darling.

He seemed quite struck with her, and—But why do I torture myself with these memories? Enough! Harriet grew gradually colder and colder to me. I began to meet her often now with Charles—my friend! Oh, how I got to hate him! You will probably now guess the result.

I met Charles one day in the street, looking radiantly happy.

"Congratulate me, old fellow!" he said. "She has accepted me!"

"She!" I said. "Pray be a little more explicit. Who?"

"Who?" he answered; "why, Harriet, of course! I thought you knew I was in love with her, and——But what's the matter, old man? You're ill! You've overtrained! I told you you were doing too much work! Come in here, and have some brandy!"

With a great effort I managed to keep down my fury, and, pleading an engagement, I left him abruptly.

From that moment I determined that Charles should never marry Harriet; and in the stillness of the night I brooded over my wrongs, until some demon whispered "revenge;" and gradually the thought preyed more and more upon me, and at last I matured a scheme, refined in cruelty and secure from detection.

I think I have already explained to you that there were houses opposite to the one occupied by Harriet and her mother on the other side of the river.

In one of these I secured lodgings. I gave up all my athletic pursuits, pleading illness, and spent all my time in watching that house and maturing my plans for vengeance.

I often saw Charles come to the house. I saw her wait at the window and watch for him, and her radiant smile of welcome when his stalwart form appeared. I saw their farewells on the terrace of an evening; I could almost fancy I heard their whispered words of love; and the demon took complete possession of me.

The summer was coming round again, and the day fixed for Charley's marriage was nigh at hand.

I proposed that we should have one more aquatic trip together. He suspected nothing, and consented; and one beautiful morning in June we started in canoes for the High Force, a picturesque waterfall some distance from the town up the river.

The demon now raged within me, and I was powerless to go back from my vengeance if I had wished it ever so much.

We reached our destination about noon on the second day after we had started, and had luncheon together on a cliff that overhung the falls.

The river at this point ran swiftly in a narrow gorge, and then sprang at least two hundred feet into a broad, shallow pool below, from whence it wandered slowly towards the town we had left—one of us forever.

I drugged the wine we had brought with us, and ere long Charles said he felt unaccountably drowsy, and soon, in fact, dropped off to sleep, with his handkerchief over his face.

Then I set to work. I carried his canoe up, and launched it, and fastened it by the painter to a willow some two hundred yards above the falls.

Then I placed my friend in it, and tied him in a sitting position, taking care to place the ropes so that they should come [illegible] when the canoe went to pieces, but not before.

I then sat down and waited.

After about half an hour the effects of the narcotic began to wear off.

Charles opened his eyes and looked vacantly around.

"Where am I?" he said. "I have been asleep, I think."

"Charles," I cried, "it is now your turn to sleep for a long time! You understand. You shall never marry Harriet!"

"Percy, you cannot mean——"

"I do. You are now above the High Force. Listen! You can hear the dash of the waters. See how the spray rises! The current, as you see, runs very swiftly. If you wish to say a prayer, I will give you time for that, but no more."

He looked dazed for a moment; then the danger of his position seemed to burst upon him, and he uttered a cry of rage, and struggled violently; but the ropes were too strong for him.

He struggled in vain.

I took out my clasped knife and opened it.

"For the love you once bore me, Percy!"

"Yes," I interposed, "you must die!"

He uttered a series of piercing shrieks, and again strove to burst his fetters.

I stepped back appalled and half repentant of my purpose.

The shrieks ceased, and there came a half-articulate murmur—"*Harriet!*"

Then the demon within me swayed my hand.

I cut the rope.

The boat was swept by the current into the middle of the stream. It caught in an eddy, and made two or three revolutions, and then drifted down swiftly towards the fall.

The noise of the rushing waters increased. I ran along the bank. I saw Charles' face pallid and fixed, sternly rigid and terror-stricken at the wilderness of foam to which he was now rushing with frightful rapidity.

He gave one despairing cry that I could hear above the thunder of the cataract; and then—and then my revenge was complete!

As I had anticipated, Charles' death was set down to an accident; no one ever dreamed of suspecting me, his chosen friend.

The canoe was dashed to pieces, and the ropes had been so skilfully placed that they did not betray me.

Harriet sent for me, but I dared not see her. I could not face those dreamy, gray, reproachful eyes, but they seemed ever before me.

I went abroad for some months.

When I returned, there was a stone in a village churchyard, hard by the cathedral city, that told me I had sold myself to the demon in vain.

Harriet had not long survived her lover.

Now you will say that I am mad, but I am not. I am dying—dying without one hope of forgiveness—dying with the brand of Cain upon my brow! But I am not *mad!* Would I were!

SCIENTIFIC.

PAPER pulp is now being more and more extensively employed as material from which to manufacture such articles as water-pails, barrels, etc., and with excellent success.

PAPER car-wheels, paper houses and wooden hats. We await developments. A paper car-wheel is upon exhibition which has run 313,000 miles under a Pullman car. Paper houses are common, and "wooden hats" are now the rage.

DR. RENNER calculates that of every cubic metre of gas recorded as having passed through a wet gas-meter, twenty-three litres (or two-thirds of one per cent. by volume of the gas as recorded) is aqueous vapor taken up by the passage of the gas through the water.

GREASE can be removed from billiard or other cloths by a paste of Fuller's earth and turpentine. This should be rubbed upon the fabric until the turpentine has evaporated and a powder remains. The latter can be brushed off, and the grease will have disappeared.

PEANUT oil, first made in the South, during the war, is now in large demand. It supplies the place of almond and olive oils for various uses, and is lower in price, retains its purity and flavor for a long time, and is less susceptible to the effect of light than olive oil. The oil is extracted entirely from the meat of the nut by pressure, the refuse being used as a cattle feed or fertilizer.

THE director of the Paris Observatory has received from the French Ministry of Public Instruction the necessary authority to proceed with the construction of a monster telescope, the design for which has been approved. The instrument, which will be one of the most powerful telescopes ever made, is to be manufactured by M. Eichens, who has undertaken to complete it in two years. The tube will be no less than 56 feet 8 inches in length.

TOBACCO leaves for the manufacture of Havana cigars are now being produced in New York, by the progress of chemical science. The material used is a kind of brown wrapping paper, made of straw especially for this purpose. The paper, after coming from the mill is saturated with the juice pressed from tobacco stems and other offal; then the sheets are rolled through a machine, which gives them the perfect appearance of the tobacco leaf, and the peculiar spots are printed on them as on calico.

IT is stated that Captain Burton, an officer in India, has lately invented and patented a new kind of pistol, with which he can kill at 600 yards. This weapon has a butt end like any ordinary pistol, but the barrel is cut short and rifled so as to give the shot the necessary "spin," and secure great precision. The weapon is particularly well adapted for cavalry use, and for sportsmen in the saddle, as it is made to enable sight to be taken without bringing the weapon to the shoulder. This is obviated by fitting the barrel with a steel handle, to be grasped by the left hand. The weapon can thus be held somewhat like an archer would grasp a bow in shooting an arrow, hence the recoil is checked before it can be felt by the firer. The weapon can, however, be used like an ordinary pistol, if preferred. To render the invention more complete and useful, Captain Burton has also patented a new "safety" bullet, which explodes as a shell only on striking against some solid substance, such as the tough bone of an elephant, while it will pass unexploded through a tough hide, or close brushwood.

PROF. PICKERING, assisted by his student, Mr. Strange, has made a series of experiments for the purpose of determining the relative amount of light received from portions of the sun's surface at varying distances from the center of his disk. He sums up the results as follows: The light of the various parts of the sun's disk is measured by the modification of the Bunsen photometer here employed, and given in an accompanying table, with a probable error not exceeding one per cent. except close to the edge. The light at the edge is about four tenths of that at the center. The variations in brightness are nearly those which would be produced by a homogeneous atmosphere of height equal to the sun's radius and opacity such that only $\frac{1}{20}$ per cent. of the light is transmitted. There appears to be a slightly different distribution of the light along the polar, from that along the equatorial, diameter. If the atmosphere were removed, the brightness of the sun's disk would be uniform, and 3.63 times that of the center of the disk at present, while the total amount of light would be increased 4.65 times.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DECLINED WITH THANKS:—"Kiss me ere we Part;" "Strolling 'cross the Meadow;" "A wild night on the Kanawha;" "Blanche's First Temptation;" "Was She Right;" "Deacon Grubbs' Funeral;" "Smashing a Stove-pipe;" "Under the Elms."

L. B. K., (Windsor, Vt.)—"How do you crystalize grass, if such a thing can be done?" Dry the leaves, steep them in a strong solution of alum for a few minutes, and dry them again.

A. L., (Harlem, Mo.)—If you will write to the Hatch Lithographing Company, 34 Vesey street, New York city, they will give you the necessary information in regard to the glue and varnish used in mounting the chromos.

LAO, (Pittsburgh, Pa.)—The story "A Gift from Heaven," runs through nineteen numbers of the SATURDAY EVENING POST, a complete set of which we can furnish you for 75 cents.

WILLIAM A. BOXUS is in a quandary and requests our assistance. He has a relation in Louisiana, who is madly in love with one of the fair daughters of Pennsylvania. Recently the young gentleman offended the young lady, since which time they have not spoken or exchanged communications. William wishes to know who should speak *first*. Why, the young man, as a matter of course, and the sooner he does it the better.

CURIOSITY., (Salem, Oregon).—Please answer the following questions: 1. What is meant by the "Boulevards" in Paris. 2. What is a *facade*. 3. What is meant by a *falsetto* voice?" The "Boulevards" are the walks around the old parts of Paris, where the walls once stood; *facade* is the French for a front view of a building; *falsetto* comes from the Italian and is applied to a false voice, or an octave above its natural pitch.

MAURICE W., (Wesport, Mo.)—"Will you please tell me what loadstone is, and where it is found, and what makes it attract other metals?" The loadstone, or natural magnet, is a species of ore found in different parts of the earth, occasionally in beds of considerable thickness. Its property of attraction was recognized at a very early date by the Greeks. Magnetism is in a variable degree a latent principle of iron and other metals, the "whys" and "hows" of which we are unable to explain.

NATURALIST, (Covington, Ky.)—The origin of the name "Kangaroo" has been given somewhat in the following manner by Buckland: Soon after Captain Cook discovered Australia, he saw some natives on the shore, one of them holding in his hand a dead animal which was quite a strange beast to the Captain. He dispatched a sailor to purchase the animal and also to ascertain its name. The question was propounded, but the natives shook their heads and answered "Kangaroo," which means in the Australian tongue "I don't understand." The sailor gave this as its name, and the animal has since retained it.

MUSICIAN, (Kalamazoo, Mich.)—"Will you inform me through the valuable columns of the POST, what are the largest organs in the world?" The largest organ in the world is in Albert Hall, London, and was built by Willis, in 1870. It contains 138 stops, 4 manuals, and nearly 10,000 pipes, all of which are of metal. The wind is supplied by steam-power. The organ at St. George's Hall, Liverpool, also built by Willis, has 100 stops and 4 manuals. That of St. Sulpice, Paris, is of the same magnitude and has 5000 pipes. The largest organ in America, is in the Music Hall, Boston, built by Walker, of Ludwigsburg; it has 4 manuals, 88 stops and 4000 pipes.

EDWARD A. S., (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The art of lithography, when properly understood and conducted, is profitable. Any person cannot become an expert lithographer. While it is not absolutely necessary for a lithographer to be an artist, or even capable of making a correct drawing, he must possess an accurately artistic eye. Good lithographers make from $25 to $45 per week; a person just learning the art does not get much compensation until after he serves an apprenticeship. Compositors get from $10 to $30 per week and frequently work at night. Almost any one can become some sort of a compositor, but there are many who would reflect more credit on themselves and humanity, were they to devote their energies to mauling rails.

AMATEUR, (Cleveland, O.)—"I am a young man twenty years of age, and am a reporter on a daily paper. I am getting a very good salary, but I would like to go on the stage. Will you please advise me as to the propriety of giving up my place, and whether acting requires much study and attention." The dramatic profession is exceedingly laborious and requires as much time and as close attention as almost any other profession. Aside from this, peculiar qualifications and talents are necessary to reach distinction and a comfortable remuneration. Few actors, comparatively, become wealthy. The amount of study and hard work requisite would secure you success in your present or any other business. Our advice is, relinquish your foolish longing for the stage and remain where you are.

TRAVELLER, (Oneida Co., N. Y.)—I have a wager with a friend about the highest building in the world, and the highest church spire, and would like for you to settle it. What is the highest spire in America? What is the population of Philadelphia, and how many acres do the Centennial Grounds cover?" The highest structure in the world is the Pyramid of Cheops in Egypt, which is four hundred and sixty feet high. The highest church spire is that of St. Michael's in Hamburg, which is four hundred and fifty-six feet in height; the next is that of St. Peter's in Rome, four hundred and eight feet. The spire at Trinity Church, New York, is the highest in this country, being two hundred and eighty-four feet. The population of Philadelphia is 812,032. the Exhibition Grounds cover an area of 256 acres.

ROSE LEAF (Opelika, Ala.,)—"Please tell me what Attar of Roses is? whether it is oil or spirits; where it comes from; how it is made?" Attar of roses is a volatile oil, of soft consistency, nearly colorless, and which is for use dissolved in alcohol. The best quality is prepared in Hindoostan. The flowers are gathered and steeped in stone jars, filled with water. These are set out in the air over night, and early in the morning the essential oil is skimmed off. This is the *Attar* and the water is sold for rose water. Two hundred thousand well grown roses are required to produce half an ounce of the Attar, and this quantity, if genuine, sells for about $75. It is difficult, however, to obtain the genuine article, as even the original manufacturers adulterate it.

MAY LECELL, (Evergreen, La.), asks the following questions: "1. If a young lady and young gentleman are promenading at a sociable, should the lady propose to halt, or should she wait for the gentleman to do so. 2. If a young gentleman treats a young lady to ice-cream or lemonade, should she always thank him? 3. If a young lady falls in love with a gentleman who has paid her no attention at all, and does not wish him to know it, but desires to win his affection, how must she act in order to do so?" 1. There can be no possible objection to a suggestion from the young lady to cease promenading if she is fatigued, or prefers sitting. 2. She should by all means thank him, when the proposition is first made to indulge in refreshments. 3. We confess our inability to answer this question. There are so many different combinations of circumstances that would develope such a state of affairs, and so many different phases of social life and types of disposition entering into such a problem that, knowing nothing of the acquirements of the young lady or the fancy of the young gentleman, we can only advise her to prove herself worthy of any man's love, and if this one is not caught, look out for some one else.

MARY M. (McKinney, Texas,) writes:—"I am exceedingly fond of music, and should like to take lessons on the piano, as I have a taste for that kind of music, and I think, a talent also, but my friends tell me that I am too old. I am twenty-one. Do you consider that too old to begin lessons?" We do not consider you too old to learn music. You may not become a brilliant, but you may be a good, performer. Many ladies have played well, who did not commence until they were as old as yourself. The essential feature necessary to good playing, provided there is talent, is suppleness in the fingers. You should practice constantly, running scales, exercises for the hands, etc. At first it may be difficult and even irksome; but if you set out with a real love of music, such as you say you have, and a determination to succeed, you need entertain no fears for the attainment of your object.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Mrs. Agnes Roosh, (East Portland, Oregon.)—We do not know of any song containing the lines you refer to. J. H. M. (Springfield, Ind.)—We are unable to detect any omissions in the story you mention. We are glad that you like the POST and shall endeavor to render it indispensable to every household. We do not know what has become of "Zig," as she is no longer a contributor. H. M. (Denver).—If you have no influential friends here who can assure you a position, you had better remain where you are. J. G. L. (Greenville, Ala.) The book you desire is out of print, and has been for many years. We do not know where you can get it.